HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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THE SOURCE OF THE JORDAN.

The well-known master of the *Rob Roy* canoe (Mr. John Macgregor, patron of many benevolent institutions in London, and the solitary explorer of many inland waters in Europe, Africa, and Asia) has lately been navigating the rivers and lakes of Palestine in that ubiquitous little boat, of which he is both captain and the whole crew. We publish on this page a sketch of one of the most interesting places visited by him. An attack made upon him by some Arabs, who fired upon him and captured his canoe, prevented him from tracing the Jordan for one mile in the marsh of Huleh; but, with that exception, he has followed the river's course from its three separate sources. As this course, he says, has never been traced before, and several miles of it are marked by conjecture only, and are quite incorrect, even in the best maps, he describes how that wonderful and sacred river runs: "I brought my canoe from Damascus, round the spur of Hermon, by very rugged roads, with the ice cracking under our feet, and the snow beside our path. The *Rob Roy* was then launched on the perennial source of Jordan, near Hasbeya, and paddled down until she was transferred to the pool at Dan, where from out of the moist earth there gushes the largest single spring in the world. The third source is at Banias, the ancient Cæsarea-Philippi, where a torrent rushes out of the rock; and then these three rivers, each born full-grown—the Hasbany, the Leddan, and the Banias—converge in the plain of Huleh, and unite in a small lake, called in the Bible 'the waters of Merom.'" To trace the course of the stream through this marsh, eight miles long and four wide, was Mr. Macgregor's object. The *Rob Roy* was carried to the furthest point where a horse could take her, and then he launched her alone. Having traversed the lake in all directions, and taken soundings and compass-bearings every where, he states the following as his conclusions: "The Hasbany River is the true Jordan. The river Leddan spreads almost at its birth into a hundred streams and gets lost. The Banias and Hasbany rivers each lose one-half of their bulk in this way, but they unite at Tell Sheikh Yusuf. The united stream runs south about three miles, and then spreads into a morass. On this is a vast floating forest of papyrus and cane, perfectly dark inside. I could never penetrate more than 3 feet. I measured one cane, and (allowing 1 foot for the root) it was just 20 feet high. The papyrus is called *babir* by the Arabs. Many of the stalks of it are as thick as my arm. The water percolates below and through the spongy marsh, and there loses at least half its volume by absorption and evaporation. This impassable barrier is about a mile wide. I reached northward to within a mile of the place I stopped at in going south. The Jordan flows in a stream 100 feet wide and 15 feet deep on the western side of the centre of the morass (not the eastern, as it is given in Vandevelde's splendid map). The lake of Huleh is very irregular in outline. Its upper edge is the only one bounded by reeds and marsh. The bottom is nearly level. It is about 12 feet deep, and in no part more than 20 feet. No part of it is more than three miles across. The whole of the spacious area might be drained dry by a single cut at the southern end. Until it comes to Jacob's Bridge the river flows deep and smooth; but the canoe had to be carried past the long line of torrent."

The highest source of the Jordan, represented in our engraving, is at Hasbeya, under the snowy Hermon. It consists of small springs in the little island above the stone dam represented in our illustration. Under the rock on the right is a deep pool, unapproachable for sounding until the *Rob Roy* canoe was launched upon it. The water behind the island dries up in summer. Heavy rains make its color a deep brown, and it falls over the dyke in a muddy cascade; but in the middle the unsullied crystal stream from the island and spring falls separate in a clear blue stream of its own. The new-born river escapes by the channel on the left, and hurries on, in a winding, foaming torrent, through wild mountains, until it is joined by the Leddan and the Banias from the other two sources. The whole then spreads into the vast floating morass of Huleh, passing through which by a channel three miles long, and first traversed by the *Rob Roy*, it rests a while in the lake of Merom. With new force then the Jordan rushes on to the Sea of Galilee; and again, by tortuous bends, it runs down to the Dead Sea, which is the lowest depression on the surface of the globe. Here the Jordan is lost; but it ascends to heaven again by the evaporation under a fierce sun; and perhaps the south wind wafts the vapor back to Hermon, to be there congealed in snow, and so to pass once more through a wondrous history; for as mystery cradles the river's birth, so does mystery again shroud its termination.

THE SOURCE OF THE JORDAN.

EXPLORATIONS AT JERUSALEM.

The topography of ancient Jerusalem, a subject of profound historical interest, has long been disputed by the learned partisans of different speculative theories without adding much to our positive knowledge. The labors of Lieutenant Charles Warren, R.E., with the assistance of Sergeant Birtles and one or two other non-commissioned officers, employed during the last two years by the Palestine Exploration Fund, have opened a new series of practical researches. This fund is raised by a society whose objects are the accurate and systematic investigation of the archæology and topography, the geology and physical geography, and the manners and customs of the Holy Land; with a view to Biblical illustration, but with a view no less to the general interests of historical and scientific inquiry. We publish on page 324 illustrations of some of the underground explorations at Jerusalem, conducted by Lieutenant Warren.

The most important part of these explorations is that relating to the Jewish Temple, the one built by Herod, which stood upon Mount Moriah; and the site of which, now called the "Haram," a word signifying "Rest" or "Peace," and equivalent to the Hebrew "Salem," is still guarded by the Moslem as a very sacred place. Here is the Mosque of Omar, known also as the "Dome of the Rock," and the ground inclosed by the walls that surround the level summit of this rocky eminence has not yet been opened. Lieut. Warren has been obliged hitherto to confine himself to sinking many shafts outside the Haram Wall, on all four sides of the hill, and burrowing along, in every promising direction, to find the precise

external boundaries of the Temple, and its subterranean passages communicating with the city and suburbs. We now invite attention to the points specially illustrated by our engravings; and we may first notice the one entitled "Robinson's Arch, Haram Wall."

The ground here shown is the present level of the surface in the filled-up Tyropœon Valley. The view looks northward, the Haram Wall being to the right hand of the spectator. This piece is a very fair sample of the masonry of the wall. Its stones are of various sizes, and one of them, partly visible in the illustration, but partly hidden, is 38 feet long, which is about half the size of one at Baalbec. There is a corner-stone, at the southeast angle of the Haram, weighing a hundred tons. The concave front presented by two of the stones here, beneath which the bush is seen growing, in the middle of our engraving, had been observed by Dr. ROBINSON, the author of "Biblical Researches;" and it had been suggested by him that they once formed part of an arch. But it has been reserved for Lieutenant WARREN to discover the other stones or voussoirs of the arch, buried at a depth of 40 feet, and one 63 feet, beneath the present surface of the Tyropœon Valley; proving that they had fallen down into it when the arch was destroyed; from which circumstance it may be inferred that the arch formed part of a grand bridge or viaduct, built across the valley joining Mount Moriah to Mount Zion. He has also found the pier upon which the opposite or western side of the arch was built.

The discoveries at Wilson's arch are no less important. In Robinson's arch we have only the three first courses of the spring of the arch visible to the eye; but here we have the whole arch complete, and it is only one of a series forming an approach from the western city to the inclosure of the Temple. To the ordinary visitor, walking along the street above, no arch or bridge is visible. The only entrance to this arch is through a door high up, with a rope-ladder for the means of descent. The wall here is the western wall of the Haram inclosure, the level of which is 35 feet above, and the rock was found 51 feet 6 inches below. An aqueduct with the water from the Pools of Solomon beyond Bethlehem passes into the Temple inclosure over this arch and below the street on the surface. This street leads to what was supposed to have been the Beautiful Gate of the Temple, and must have had a fine effect when it stood with its tall piers crossing the valley of the Tyropœon connecting Zion with the Temple. A second wall, meeting the southeast angle of the Haram Wall, incloses the space outside of it upon the hill of Ophel, above the Kedron Valley. It is within this precinct, and in the neighborhood of a watering-place called the Fountain of the Virgin, that the most recent explorations have been made. The most remarkable feature of this place is the system of rock-cut passages connected with the Fountain of the Virgin. One of these is 1700 feet in length, connecting the fountain with the Pool of Siloam. A view of this gallery is given in one of our cuts; also a view of the larger tunnel cut through the rock.

Another of our illustrations gives a view of "the Royal caverns," at the head of the Valley of Jehoshaphat, or Kedron Valley. It is not many years since these caverns were explored. There had been very wild speculations regarding their extent. It was believed that they went in for miles under the city, and that they had a passage under the Temple by which the stones were taken for its building. The tradition that the Temple was built without the sound of hammer or tool, but grew up in silence and peace, was quoted on behalf of the theory that these vast caverns were the quarry where the stones were cut and prepared, and that a passage exists by which they were taken to their place.

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SATURDAY, MAY 22, 1869.

THE CUBAN SITUATION.

NOBODY seems really to know any thing about Cuba, but the situation is now said to be this: the patriots are shut up in the mountains with few weapons and scant ammunition and with no food but cattle, and they are cut off from vegetables, salt, and other necessaries. Their number can not very accurately be ascertained. The Spaniards are disciplined soldiers, well equipped, numbering about twenty thousand effective men. The hope of the Spaniards is to starve out the revolution; the hope of the Cubans is the hot weather, the yellow-fever, and sympathy and assistance from the United States.

The Spanish party in the island, it may not be generally understood, is really composed of native Spaniards. They come to the colony from Spain and engage in various industries with the intention of returning. They are what would be called in Europe the shop-keeping class. The Cubans are the creoles, the owners of great plantations, the aristocratic class. There is naturally no love lost between the two. The Spaniards are the volunteers, of whose ferocious feeling so much has been said, and who fiercely enjoy maintaining the rule of their nation over the disdainful Cubans. The slaves are undoubtedly in sympathy with the revolution, as its success promises them freedom.

The Cubans are also reported to have held a Congress recently at Sibanicu and to have organized a civil government, with CESPEDES at the head and QUESADA as General-in-Chief. Whether the people were really represented or whether the Congress was a mere form by which these leaders invested their position with an air of popular authority, does not clearly appear, and is of no practical importance, as they are undoubtedly recognized as chiefs by the revolutionary party. This Congress is also reported to have declared that Cuba was fighting for annexation to the United States. The *Tribune* at first discredited he report of the Congress, and said that while the ultimate fate of Cuba was plain, the immediate question is independence. The next day it said that the question is the protection of the United States or a continued dependence upon Spain; and already we hear of three new States of the Union in the Gulf. Mr. WENDELL PHILLIPS denies that the Spanish chain thrown over Cuba can be called a government, and would have America acknowledge brotherhood with the patriot camp; but he adds that he has no wish for Cuban annexation. She must lead the West Indian Confederacy, and "if, after trying that, years hence, she seeks us, then will be time enough to entertain the question."

For that, however, we are not very likely to wait. A very large part of Cuban "sympathy" is merely a lust of territory. It uses noble names and fine words. It declaims with energy against oppression, and extols the American principle. Now, there is a true and a spurious American principle. The spurious may be discovered at any moment by listening to certain politicians who flatter because they despise, and who pander to every popular passion at which they sneer. For ourselves, we are not yet convinced that the blatant body-guard of the late slave system in the United States knows or cares any thing about freedom, or that leaders of political "rings" are profoundly concerned to secure "popular government" in Cuba. We shall also take leave to doubt whether gentlemen who six years ago were fighting zealously to establish a slave empire in the Southern part of this country are now passionately anxious to found a republic of equal rights in the ever-blessed isle. The late Mr. WILLIAM WALKER was the father of a numerous family, but he knew, and they know, very little about the American principle.

For an oppressed people honestly struggling to be free, as the Cretans are, as the Greeks were, the American people has the deepest sympathy. It feeds them and clothes them and cheers them in every honorable way. But do the Cubans who are encamped in this city and country, and who are taking money out of the island, expect sympathy for a cause which they desert, or serve only in New York hotels and by scouring West Street for food for Spanish powder? Do they hope to bribe this country to free Cuba by the promise of Cuba when free? Do they imagine that those who will neither fight for their independence nor maintain it when gained are a desirable addition to any nation? If the Cubans in New York would inspire the people of this country, not the WILLIAM WALKER family, with a hearty enthusiasm for Cuba, let them prove their faith by their works and join QUESADA and CESPEDES.

Let us, at least, have something to lay hold of. Of the tyranny of the old Spanish rule in Cuba there is no question. Whether the Cubans can govern themselves is none of our business. That the Cubans ought to be independent of foreign rule if they wish to be is granted. If the Cubans are earnestly fighting for their independence we wish them God-speed. If they have won any victories we are glad of it. But we are all groping in a cloud of ignorance. The trouble began last October. What do we know about it since? Has there been a Congress? Did it form a government? Has the government any authority beyond the camp? Has it pronounced for annexation? There have been enthusiastic public meetings of sympathy. What light have they shed upon the essential question? Is there an army, or only a force of guerrillas? If there are brave men somewhere struggling for liberty all Americans sympathize, but they would like to know something about it.

STATESMEN.

AN article in the Chicago *Tribune* lamenting the lost prestige of President GRANT's Administration, has given great comfort to the Democratic papers. It seems to us that the *Tribune* fails to perceive that the immense and vague and reckless expectation that attended the inauguration could not have been satisfied by any administration whatever; and the reaction of feeling which it expresses was inevitable. But that reaction is none the less unreasonable. The President has undoubtedly made mistakes. The appointment of Mr. WASHBURNE as Secretary of State was one of them, as the *Tribune* justly intimates. But every President makes mistakes. So do newspapers; and there is none greater than the suggestion that the Administration has lost the confidence of those who brought it into power.

The Chicago *Tribune* insists that statesmen must do the work of statesmen. Undoubtedly; but it is only by doing his work that a statesman reveals himself. Are there a number of ready-made and acknowledged "statesmen" from whom the President is to select a Cabinet? What is a statesman? During the campaign the Democratic papers were constantly contrasting Mr. SEYMOUR, as what they called "a statesman," with General GRANT. But what was Mr. SEYMOUR's statesmanship? Nothing but the most servile devotion to the political policy of slavery. He had been in political life for a quarter of a century. He was familiar with our political history. He was a fluent public speaker. He was a skillful party manager, as his own nomination last July sufficiently proved. All these gifts, such as they were, this American politician devoted to the perpetuity of human slavery in this country. He was solemnly called a statesman, and at the beginning of the war professed his willingness to sacrifice the Union to slavery. He was still called a statesman, and at the end of the war he was the Presidential candidate of rebels and repudiators. There are a great many people who still seriously suppose that a man who so totally misunderstood the character of his countrymen and the political tendency of the times, whose long political career is associated with no generous purpose or noble sentiment, is a statesman. It shows how curiously misunderstood the word is. So when Mr. LINCOLN was elected President, there was a shout of contempt at the "third-rate Illinois lawyer." "Why," it was demanded, "why can't we have a statesman, at least?" After the illustrious administrations of statesmen like BUCHANAN, PIERCE, FILLMORE, and POLK, assisted by other statesmen like JOHN B. FLOYD, TOUCEY, HOWELL COBB, JEFFERSON DAVIS, JACOB THOMPSON, *et cetera*, it was intolerable that the country should fall under the administration of a boor and a joker. We have lived to see the boor, and the joker, and the third-rate Illinois lawyer honored and beloved as a ruler with WASHINGTON.

Statesmen must indeed do the work of statesmen—but who are statesmen? It is a fine and imposing word; to whom does it apply in this country? How many are there upon whom we should all agree as statesmen? Meanwhile, is it not quite as well for "a great and progressive government" that its administration should be in the hands of sagacious, honest, capable men, in full sympathy with the best American principles? With such the President has surrounded himself; and thus far, whether their names were as familiar, for instance, as those of some members of Congress or not, they have neither discredited themselves, the President, nor the country.

AN ADMIRABLE EXAMPLE.

WE had occasion some weeks since to remark that a worthy person by the name of JAMES FISK, Jun., had proved himself to be a gentleman by the ingenious manner in which he caused Mr. SAMUEL BOWLES to be arrested and lodged in jail for a night. It was the more ingenious and gentlemanly because Mr. BOWLES was a stranger stopping at a hotel, and because his invalid wife was with him. The law merely demanded bail, but a gentleman does not satisfy himself with the cold and niggardly letter of the law, and Mr. BOWLES passed the night in jail. Now nothing is more desirable than that a gentleman so studious of the decencies and comities of life as Mr. JAMES FISK, Jun., should be constantly held up for the emulation of all generous and gentlemanly persons; and we take great pleasure, therefore, in stating that he has just done another of those acts which are naturally to be expected from such a gentleman.

Mr. NORVELL, of the New York *Times*, had written something for which Mr. FISK was pleased to bring a suit, which, it appears by the account in that paper, he intrusted to Mr. CLARENCE SEWARD. Mr. NORVELL lives upon Staten Island, and at six o'clock one evening a deputy marshal, after an interview between Mr. FISK and Mr. SEWARD, was directed in the most gentlemanly manner to proceed to Staten Island, arrest Mr. NORVELL, bring him to the city, and lodge him also in Ludlow Street Jail. A more gentlemanly proceeding, under the circumstances, can hardly be imagined, and Mr. SEWARD is to be congratulated upon this association of his name with that of his respected client. Nothing could exceed the imperative necessity of the immediate incarceration of Mr. NORVELL. It was—it must be presumed—known to Mr. FISK and to his friend Mr. SEWARD, that Mr. NORVELL was intending to elude justice and abscond, and that summary measures alone could defeat his base intentions. That he expected to pass the night quietly at home and go about his business in the morning, ready to answer any complaint, was not to be supposed of so hardened an offender. Mr. FISK and Mr. SEWARD are not only polite gentlemen, they are sagacious gentlemen, and quite equal to the duplicity of notorious reprobates.

But by an inscrutable dispensation of Providence, Staten Island is in the Eastern, not in the Southern District; and for this, or some other equally mysterious reason, the Deputy-Marshal did not embark for that pleasant isle, and the two gentlemen of whom we are treating were deprived of the legitimate pleasure of baffling the elusive designs of Mr. NORVELL. Despite the gentlemanly plans of Mr. FISK and Mr. SEWARD, the culprit NORVELL passed the night in his own home instead of Ludlow Street Jail, which only proves, we suppose, that he is a more adroit evil-doer than Mr. BOWLES.

The *Times* informs us that General BARLOW, the new Marshal, with an apparent total disregard of what is due to gentlemen like Mr. FISK, is resolved to prevent his deputies being made "the instruments of private spite and paltry spleen." But things have come to a pretty pass, indeed, when gentlemen like Mr. FISK are not to be allowed to send those who offend them to jail! What inducement, let us ask, has any body to cultivate the gentlemanly graces of which Mr. JAMES FISK, Jun., is so shining an illustration, if they can not imprison at their pleasure those rascally fellows who write what displeases them? Of what use, pray, is a Ludlow Street Jail if Mr. FISK can not put offenders into it? We insist that, in this view, Mr. FISK and the jail are made for each other; and he is no better than he should be who tries to keep them asunder.

THE LONG ISLAND RAILROAD.

WE have formerly spoken of the discomfort of the Long Island Railroad, but it has become necessary to speak now of its danger. The late frightful accident by which six persons were killed has been investigated thoroughly, and the jury returned that "the Long Island Railroad Company are responsible for said accident by neglecting their duty in keeping their tracks in proper order."

It would now, of course, be agreeable to the public to know that some change had been made in those agents of the Company who are immediately responsible; and it is certainly satisfactory to ascertain that there can be a verdict adverse to a Railroad Company. It would, however, have been still more serviceable if the names of the guilty persons had been published in the verdict. A Company is a very vague term, although in the case of the Long Island Road the President, Mr. OLIVER CHARLICK, is supposed to be a very large and important part of the Company. Under such a verdict, of course, should suits for damages be brought against the Company, the most exemplary amounts would unquestionably be allowed by an intelligent jury. Appeals to humanity and common prudence are hopeless, it appears, in dealing with the management of railroads. Nothing but a vigorous assault upon the treasury, a reduction of dividends, a consumption of profits, makes an impression.

Various suggestions have been offered as to the cause of the frightful character of the accident, all showing that many obvious and essential improvements in construction and management had not been adopted by the Long Island Road. Mr. B. WOOD states that MILLER's automatic coupling, used by the Erie and other great companies, was not used upon this road. He adds that the risk upon the Long Island Road "was and is aggravated by bad spiking, inferior iron, deficient ties, and a scamping of the work generally." Another correspondent says that the trucks were not chained, and, of course, when they were wrenched from their places they turned at right angles with the road and tore through the cars.

Indeed it was fair to presume that the management of a road which—at least two or three years ago—was so negligent of the ordinary comfort of passengers would not be very solicitous for their safety. A miserly economy upon a railroad does not promise security, and passengers who are dumped in a manure-yard must not be surprised if they are regarded as cattle. After so solemn and terrible a catastrophe, however, and so emphatic a verdict, we may justly expect a radical reformation of the road, if suits be brought for heavy damages.

THE CITY.

THE *Sun*, in some forcible remarks upon the necessity of abolishing the present system of Legislative Commissions in the city of New York, says:

> "One mischief, at all events, we are now suffering from, and that is the creation of a feeling on the part of our city officials of entire irresponsibility to our citizens for their behavior. They are not dependent for their power upon the esteem and approbation of those whom they nominally represent; but if they can only win by fair means or foul the favor of a handful of hack politicians miles away from here, their places, their patronage, and their perquisites are secure from all danger. They may indulge in the most shameless corruption; may cheat us, rob us, and waste our money at their pleasure, and only half perform their duties, but the Legislature bears all the responsibility, and lets them go free."

But does the *Sun* suppose that if the Health and Police Commissions were summarily abolished the city of New York would be any less at the mercy of "a handful of hack politicians?" Does it believe that Tammany is any less liable to "shameful corruption," and that its agents would "cheat us, rob us, and waste our money at their pleasure" any less than the Legislature? Responsibility to our citizens in the city of New York is a mere phrase. It is the irresponsible managers who do the work, and they nominate,

and their party obediently elects, precisely such candidates as will be serviceable to them.

The *Sun* asks whether the police is less costly and efficient than when the Mayor was at the head of it. It is not less costly, certainly, for the city has so grown as very naturally and properly to increase the expense. But as for efficiency, what does the *Sun* think would have happened if FERNANDO WOOD had been at the head of the police during the July riots of 1863 instead of THOMAS C. ACTON? Fortunately Mr. OPDYKE was then Mayor, and most zealously co-operated with the Police Board. But Mr. OPDYKE would never have been Mayor if the managers of the Democratic party had not quarreled. The party to which the rioters belonged elect the Mayor of the city. And the Mayor of the city last November, the present Governor, Mr. JOHN T. HOFFMAN, issued his official proclamation the sole tendency of which was to protect the ballot-stuffers to whom he owes his present position.

It is the people of the State of New York who are the proper judges of the system which will best regulate that part of their domain known as the city of New York. And the people will not change that system until, as the *Sun* intimates, they call the Democratic party to power. When they do that, Tammany will take charge of the State as well as of the city, and the gentlemen who rule its councils, and whose hands are seen in the questionable jobs of every kind which are pressed upon the Legislature, will rule the State. There are great faults in all party policies as there are bad men in all parties. But what there is in the antecedents, or the present conduct, of the Democratic party to show that it is desirable that it should return to power, we are unable to perceive. What it would do if it absolutely controlled the Legislature the proceedings of this winter plainly show. Let any man carefully study the votes of the last session of the New York Legislature, and honestly declare which party most strenuously supported, in proportion to its numbers, the measures that were intrinsically just and wise. The State certainly does not elect the representatives in the Assembly from the city of New York. They are elected by the dominant party in the city. Would it be judicious to intrust the unrestricted administration of its affairs to those gentlemen?

TRADE AND FINANCE.

THE check at London in the sale of our bonds, though attributed by the telegraph to distrust in Amsterdam, is sufficiently accounted for in the condition of affairs in the great metropolis. Moneyed men have a peculiar sensitiveness on the subject of foreign complications, and they doubtless see in the new phase of the *Alabama* question, and the supposed American attitude toward Cuba, the possibility of disturbance, which they may think increased by the action of Mexico in opening a port to the Cuban insurgents, a measure which affords facility for aid to Cuba.

The necessity for this check in the sale of our securities is due also to the condition of the Bank of England. The private deposits last month were £17,659,278, against £20,349,041 in April, 1868. The reserve had fallen from £11,587,080 to £7,256,175. The coin had fallen from £20,527,100 to £17,030,151, while the circulation was diminished to only £23,637,950 last month, as against £24,412,917 at the same time in 1868. The rate of interest was therefore raised from four per cent. to four and a half, in the expectation that capitalists in London would stop their transactions in foreign securities, and that money would flow in from other quarters.

When the rate was raised to 4 per cent. it was noticed that French and other bankers who, until 1866, had been attracted by such an event to buy in London commercial bills, had given as a reason for abstaining, although the rate was lower in Paris, that they had freely purchased OVEREND & GURNEY'S and Sir MORTON PETO'S short paper, which was protested on their hands, and that the general inactivity in trade which had since been the marked feature of the English market, accompanied with heavy losses in cotton and wool manufactures, made it doubtful if the paper then to be procured would be found better than that with which they had been freely supplied of those unfortunate firms. The anticipated result of the advance in the rate of interest did not take place, but on the contrary, tempted by the large fortunes attributed to those on the Continent and in England who held our bonds purchased at low rates, investments were made in them at constantly advancing rates, threatening to turn the flow of specie toward this country notwithstanding our excessive imports.

The Bank of England, which is managed to promote the commercial advantage of the kingdom, has undoubtedly sought to arrest the tendency to invest in foreign loans, although there has been no recovery in the general attitude of trade from the depression which has existed since the panic of 1866. The policy has to encounter this difficulty, and the question arises whether our bonds will still prove the more tempting, or investors in London will be satisfied with what their own meagre market affords at low rates of interest. One thing is certain, that an augmented considerable demand abroad for our bonds can not be met without an advance in price on this side, as there are now but few of them in the hands of speculators in the United States.

The check was instantly felt on this side in all the departments of business, showing how intimate are the relations between the two countries, and how immense is the power of the board which manages the Bank of England.

In sympathy with the advance here in gold, which was coincident with this measure and due in part to skillful speculation, business was more active on the 6th, 7th, and 8th of May than it had been immediately before; but the weather was finer, and stocks in the interior are undoubtedly low. To keep them so until the July account of stock seems to be the policy of many country merchants. The season is late and has not been as good as was expected. Depression in the price of gold has uniformly depressed business, and if an advance appears to have the character of permanence the opposite result follows, if other circumstances are favorable. But extravagance has exhausted many of their surplus means, and produced a greater amount of prudence than was lately known.

It is not creditable to the sagacity of this country, rich as it is in all that is required for the easy production of wealth, that we are so much exposed as we appear to be to the power of foreign capitalists. We ought at this period of our existence to be as independent in financial as in political matters, but we are very far from being so; and we shall remain in "leading strings" until we place our finances on the sound footing of the leading commercial nations.

This will continue to be the point of deepest interest to us until we escape from a depreciated currency, an evil which constantly transfers to others the benefit of our wonderful natural advantages. It may be that in the economy of all-wise Providence we are blinded to our true interests, in order that those who occupy the overcrowded and worn-out portions of the world may share in the advantages which are profusely accumulated in America, and that our escape from an unwise system will be coincident only with the pressure of severe necessity.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer has proposed, as a concession for some advantages to the Government arising from collecting the Income and other taxes earlier than usual, to abandon the duty on corn—amounting to one shilling per quarter of eight bushels, and reaching a total of £900,000. Mr. LOWE in taking this step claims that the tax is a charge on the consumer, and falls most heavily on the poor, who consume a greater proportion of bread than is used by the higher classes; but it was contended in opposition that this tax, like that for freight on corn earned by British carriers, was a charge on the foreign producer, either wholly or in part, and should be allowed to stand. This exception to the rule that the consumer pays the tax was explained on the ground that England, being the largest consumer in the world of foreign corn, was enabled to fix the price and command the markets of the world on her own terms.

The time when this abolition of the duty shall take effect had not been fixed, but the first of June was mentioned with favor, and it seems not improbable that this tax, which stands as a charge between the producer and consumer, may soon be removed to the advantage of this country. The abolition of this tax is partly due to the growing wants of the English for cheap food; but the purchase of it here is greatly obstructed by the advance in freights which attends every renewal of demand for our products. It is to be hoped that we may soon grow into a policy which will restore to us that fair share of the business of carriers upon the ocean to which this country is entitled.

CASTELAR.

A NEW orator has just made himself famous. Señor CASTELAR has proposed the republic in the Spanish Cortes, and has asserted religious liberty against the argument of Señor MANTEROLA, the representative of the Romish ecclesiastical authority, with a fervid eloquence that brought Spain to his feet, and has sent his name wherever newspapers are read. What the effect must have been we may imagine upon reading such sentences as these in his first speech:

"There is not a single progressive principle which has not been cursed by the Catholic Church....We are a great charnel-house which extends from the Pyrenees to the sea of Cadiz, for we have been sacrificed upon the altar of Catholicism....We have no agriculture, we have no industry, we have no learning, through maintaining this intolerance of religion. We lit up the fires of the Inquisition and cast our free-thinkers into them....The Church has bewitched the queens and enchanted the kings, and given that terrible history which the slaves of Sa Patrocinio can not forget. To crown all, the Pope sent the distinction called the Golden Rose to a queen rejected by the conscience of her people....It is said that our people are not instructed, and it is true. Yet for fifteen centuries the Catholic Church has had the instructing of them. Our middle classes now put on religion not as the fountain of morality, but just as they use the civil guard—to secure them in their property. Our statesmen, or the greater part of them, do not believe in the Catholic Church, but they pay it as an element of order."

At the close of a speech, which, even read and in our imperfect reports, is powerful and eloquent, and which in delivery must have been, under the circumstances, resistless, CASTELAR said: "Why should we not be governed by our great public men, such as SERRANO or PRIM, RIOS ROSAS or RIVERO. Why do we need a foreign king? In short, why can we not have a republic with these men at the head?" That is a question so simple, so natural, so conclusive, that it will continue to ask itself until a republic is established.

But the more remarkable speech of CASTELAR was in reply to MANTEROLA. This ecclesiastic had insisted upon Romanism as the State religion, with all its consequences. It is necessary, said CASTELAR, in reply, that a State to be truly free should have great moral bonds, a great sense of rights, of duties—but duties imposed not by civil authority, nor by armies, but by its own reason and its own conscience. This can never be seen among enslaved nations. What does Señor MANTEROLA require? That to be a Spaniard eligible to all rights a man must bear a religion forcibly imposed and not freely accepted by his conscience. But the doctrine of the protection of the Church by the State should end forever. "The State has no religion—it can not have any—it ought not to have any. The State can not confess, the State can not commune, the State can not die."

Señor CASTELAR proceeded to a historical survey of the doctrine and its consequences, and came again to the fearful persecutions of the Church. Then this Spaniard, glowing with a feeling that we may imagine, speaking to Spaniards who had the decree of liberty in their power, exclaimed:

"'We did not kill the persecuted ones,' said Señor MANTEROLA. Mirthful defense! As if the assassin should say it was not he that killed his victim, it was his dagger! The Inquisition, gentlemen, the Inquisition was the dagger of the Church....We have retrograded not because we are inferior in intelligence and in talent to the Germans or the English, but because they acquired before us the great moral treasure of liberty of thought—because they have not remained, as we did so long, without light in the conscience, buried in the depths of the Inquisition."

The peroration of this speech was electrical. The conscience, the thought, the hope of Spain had at last found a voice. All that men had not dared to say was now said, and with passionate power. The speech of CASTELAR was even a greater event than the revolution. It aimed to change not merely the form of the Government but its soul. Further debate was impossible. The session was adjourned. The Cortes crowded around the orator. His speech changed the plans of the leaders. Not improbably it has made Spain a republic.

THE ECONOMICAL DEMOCRACY.

WE beg our readers throughout the country who are disposed to think that the extravagance of the Republican party is so prodigious, to remark the economies of the Democratic party as illustrated in the State of New York.

The annual tax levies for the city and county of New York, which were not only generous but enormous, were submitted to the Legislature, and they were carefully revised before their passage. The Assembly, or Lower House, is nominally Republican; but the majority has been constantly overcome by the skill of the Tammany leaders. At the last moment Mr. A. B. HODGES, of Brooklyn, a member elected as a Republican, introduced a substitute increasing the amount of the city levies by some three millions of dollars, and the county levies by a similar sum.

After a vigorous protest from eminent Republicans in the House this infamous bill was passed, and *every Democrat in the House, every member of the party that is constantly denouncing the horrible oppression of taxation, voted to increase the taxes nearly six millions of dollars!* Twenty Republicans voted with them, and secured the passage of the bill; but the opposition was all Republican.

We again remind our readers that when they hear the Republican Legislature of 1869 denounced as the most venal that ever disgraced the State, they are to remember that of the seventy-two Republicans voting fifty-two voted against this crowning iniquity and twenty for it, while every Democrat voting—forty-eight in number—voted for it. The names of the Republicans which should be carefully remembered are Messrs. AKIN, BEMUS, BENDER, CALKINS, CARPENTER, GEORGE CLARK, CONGER, CRANE, J. FERRIS, HARRIS, HEGEMAN, HODGES, H. RAY, RICH, SCHOONMAKER, D. STEWART, W. H. STEWART, SUMMERS, THORNTON, and WHITMARSH.

NOTES.

THE next annual meeting of the National Teachers' Association will be held in the city of Trenton, New Jersey, on the 17th, 18th, 19th, and 20th of August, 1869. Professor J. S. HART, Principal of the State Normal School, has made arrangements for the entertainment of the members upon the most moderate terms, and State, county, or city associations which send delegates are requested to communicate with him. A very large attendance of the teachers and a vigorous discussion of the most vital educational questions are anticipated; and it is supposed that with reasonable effort this may be made the most interesting meeting of the kind yet held in the country. Mr. L. VAN BOKKELEN, of Maryland, is the President of the Association; and a hearty welcome awaits all who attend.

A VERY interesting and important historical work is announced as in preparation by the Rev. RAPHAEL D'C. LEWIN. It is the "Histories of the Jewish Congregations of America;" a complete account of the rise and progress of Judaism in this country. The immense research necessary to accuracy in such a work and the great expense of the publication have hitherto prevented its execution. But upon careful investigation the author has decided that the time has now arrived for the publication. It will be neatly printed and furnished to subscribers at three dollars a copy, payable to the agents upon delivery of the book. Orders and other communications should be sent to Rev. RAPHAEL D'C. LEWIN, 17 Brevoort Place, New York.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

FRANK B. CHENEY, aged fifteen years, and son of highly respected parents in North Andover, Massachusetts, shot himself dead on the morning of May 3. His father had required him to apologize to his school teacher for truancy, which is supposed to have induced the rash act.

Another strange suicide is reported as having been committed by a student at Griswold College, Iowa, while riding out with a young lady, May 3. The name of the young man was George Clayton. He was son of Mr. D. B. Clayton, connected with the Pacific Railroad. The act was apparently unintentional. The youth had a revolver, and having probably tried it, thought all the barrels were discharged. He, in sport, pointed it at her and fired, with no effect. Then he put it to his own head, and received the ball from the one fatal chamber of the weapon. A fortunate escape for the young lady!

The trial of Mumler was concluded on the 3d. The accused was acquitted, on the ground that the prosecution had failed to make out their complaint. Just as we anticipated.

At noon on the 8th instant the last tie of the Pacific Railroad was laid. It was of polished California laurel, mounted on either end with solid silver, accompanied by a spike of solid gold costing $200. The completion of this great enterprise was the occasion of mutual congratulation between San Francisco and our Atlantic cities.

A curious present has been sent to Whittier from Brazil. One of the poet's most beautiful pieces is the "Cry of a Lost Soul," founded on a tradition of Northern Brazil, to the effect that the lonely nocturnal cry of the bird called by the people on the Amazon the *Alma de Cabocla*, or *Alma perdida* (the soul of the Indian, or the Lost Soul), is not the cry of a bird, but of

"The pained soul of some infidel
Or cursed heretic that cries from hell."

This poem so interested the Emperor of Brazil that he translated it very faithfully and poetically into Portuguese, and sent an autograph copy to Whittier.

The working-women of Boston have at length organized a league, among the objects of which are to educate women until their labor shall be as valuable as that of men, and to secure an equality of wages between the two sexes. The Women's Club in Boston has been for some time making inquiries with regard to the work and wages of women in that city, and some of the statistics thus gathered were used at the recent Convention of Working-women.

Humanitarians and those interested in educational matters will be glad to learn that the interest on the $1,000,000 in gold so generously given some two years ago by Mr. George Peabody to advance the educational interests of the South, has not been diverted from its proper channel, and that its distribution in the Southern cities is producing the best results. The Washington *Chronicle* says: "There is hardly a Southern city whose schools have not been reorganized and encouraged. The colored children have been afforded equal opportunities with the children of the whites. How far this interest may be made to go, will be understood when we state that in some of the towns of the South the small sum of $200 or $300 serves to put the schools on a permanent basis; while in others, such as Atlanta, $3000 added to the contributions of the citizens themselves, revives and extends what had previously been imperfectly conducted."

FOREIGN NEWS.

CUBA.

THE Congress of the Revolutionary party at Sibanicu, on the 13th of April, unanimously adopted resolutions declaring that the party is "fighting for independence from Spain and annexation to the United States." Here is a change in the phase of Cuban affairs so far as our Government is concerned. What will follow? General Cespedes presided over the Congress. Sibanicu is a small town, or village, in the southeastern corner of the Central Department of Cuba, southwesterly from Neuvitas, southeasterly from Puerto Principe, and about equally distant from both. It is in the mountainous region which has already proved a strong-hold of the rebellion. General Quesada was again elected Generalissimo of the Revolutionary Army.

ITEMS.

Prince Alexander Serjewitsch Menschikoff, Admiral of the Russian Navy, died at St. Petersburg May 3.

The Geographical Society of Paris has decreed a gold medal to Dr. Hayes, of the United States, for his eminent services in the work of Arctic exploration and discovery.

A revolution, it is reported, has broken out in the State of Guerrero, Mexico. Troops had been sent to suppress it, and some fighting was reported. There seems to be a wide-spread feeling of dissatisfaction in the republic, and a secession of the Northern States is talked of.

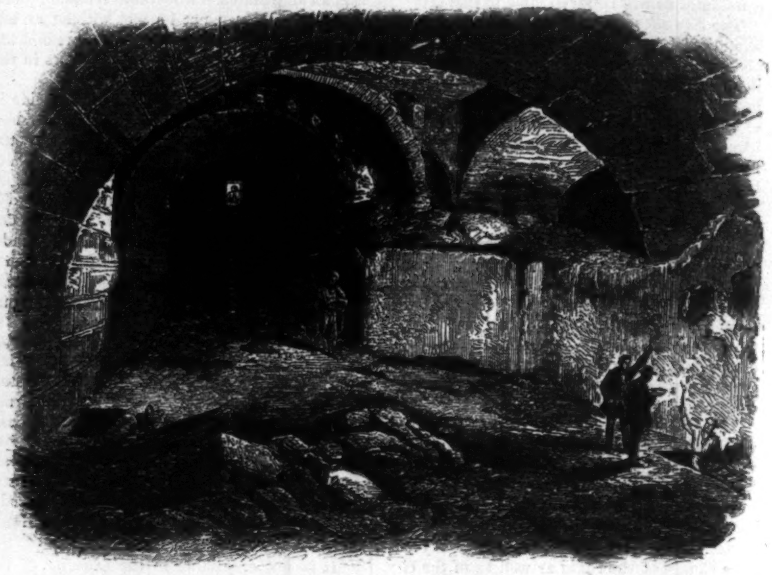
A Congress of German Protestants is to meet at Worms on the 31st of May. The object of the meeting is to consider and frame a reply to the recent appeal of the Pope to Protestants.

A new Italian Cabinet has been formed under General Menabrea as President.

A letter from Florence says: "Thanks to Pius IX., lottery gamblers in Italy have just made a great hit. On Sunday, the 11th inst., Pius IX. celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his first mass, which he said at the age of twenty-six. This last number also corresponds in the lottery-player's guide-book with the word 'mass,' as well as with the word 'money.' Nothing could be clearer to all those who had cash to stake and faith in the usual rules; and hundreds, perhaps thousands, of persons played upon the numbers 11, 69, 9, 50, 26. In the Florence weekly drawing all those numbers came out of the wheel. It was what is called a *quine*—that is to say, a gain on the whole five numbers. There is no doubt that the Government has had to make very heavy payments to winners. It is an old belief with numbers of persons in Italy that Pius IX. has the evil eye, and in this instance the Italian Treasury may well share that opinion."

EXPLORATIONS AT JERUSALEM.—[See First Page.]

ROBINSON'S ARCH, HARAM WALL.



WILSON'S ARCH, HARAM WALL.

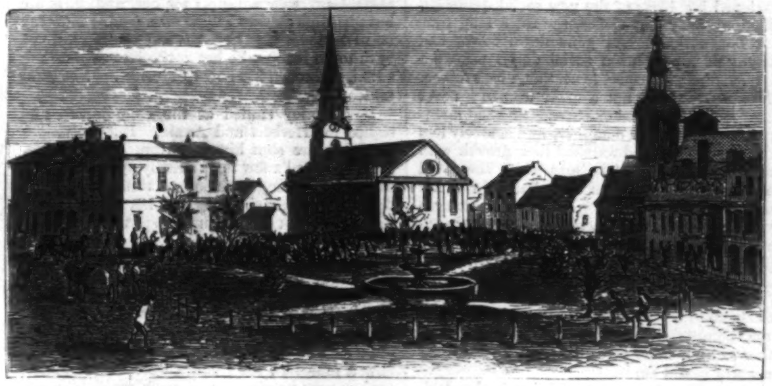
THE ROYAL CAVERNS AT JERUSALEM.

GALLERY AT THE SOUTHEAST CORNER OF HARAM WALL.

ROCK-CUT TUNNEL NEAR THE FOUNTAIN OF THE VIRGIN.

THE CHALLONER-WHITTAKER TRAGEDY, QUEBEC.

THE third day of March last will be long remembered in Quebec, Canada. The skating-rink in St. Lewis suburbs presented the customary lively appearance. The military, civilians, and ladies of the city were well represented. Non-subscribers to the rink were denied admission except when introduced by members. This arrangement allowed but few spectators, among whom, however, on the above day was one whose brow throbbed, and whose heart was smarting under feelings of abused honor and purposes of revenge. This was a youth of sixteen years, small for his age, the son of a respectable citizen of Quebec. He took his stand in the entrance to the boys' dressing-room, and immediately by that of the gentlemen's, when the object of his search, Ensign WHITTAKER, of the Fifty-Third Regiment, who was then in the dressing-room removing his skates, soon passed out to the platform. As the officer passed young CHALLONER raised a Remington revolver and fired, but missed his aim. The sudden explosion caused WHITTAKER to face quickly around, with his arms extended, as if to grapple with his dangerous foe; but before he had time to do more, a second shot was fired, the ball entering his left temple. He fell instantly upon his face an insensible man, and continued so for seven days, when death terminated his melancholy career.



PLACE D'ARMES, QUEBEC, CANADA.

"You know what that is for," said CHALLONER, as his victim fell at his feet. He made no attempt to escape; but surrendered himself to the first peace-officer that appeared, and was immediately taken to jail, to await the result of his desperate act.

Ensign WHITTAKER was twenty-two years of age, stood upward of six feet in height, entered the army in 1865, enjoyed the reputation of a handsome, fast young man, and on the day he received his mortal wound was gazetted a lieutenant. On the third day after his death his remains were conveyed to Mount Hermon Cemetery, followed by the Fifty-third Regiment, the Royal Artillery, and the Rifle Brigade. But few citizens joined the procession, which slowly wended its way through the serpentine approaches to the old citadel. The solemn notes of the bands playing the Dead March, the measured tread of the long procession, and the sad reflections of blasted hopes and happiness that the scene furnished to every mind and pictured upon every countenance, gave the cortége a sickening impressiveness.

JOHN H. CHALLONER.

LIEUTENANT FREDERICK C. WHITTAKER.

The cause of this tragic affair was not long in coming to light, and furnishes another of numerous instances of British officers being admitted into families as gentlemen, while many of them neither care nor are sufficiently honorable to support such a reputation. For months WHITTAKER had been received into the CHALLONER family as a gentleman paying court to Miss CHALLONER, sister of the prisoner, whom he seduced by means of drugs. For a time he silenced her by promises of marriage. To injury he added insult, by accompanying his victim to the church door, ostensibly for marriage, when he said to her, "Tell the clergyman that I will call another day," and then left her. Legal redress was now sought, when it was ascertained that the law of Quebec does not punish the seducer. On the 3d of March the law-officers were called in to counsel the family. While they were in the house young CHALLONER returned from his office. "We are ruined; there is no hope for us," said his father to him. He rushed away from his sad home, his father's grief, his mother's tears, and sister's dishonor nerving his arm. An hour after he met WHITTAKER and shot him.

The trial, which lasted nearly three days, was impressive and harrowing. To see arraigned at the bar a spirited youth, who bore an excellent character, and who was a general favorite—to see him weeping passionately as his counsel dwelt upon the wrongs inflicted upon his family—to see jurors and an associate judge upon the bench in tears while the prisoner's father and mother reluctantly told their story, was a scene seldom witnessed in a court of justice.

On the morning of May 5 the jury rendered their verdict acquitting the prisoner, who was congratulated by the citizens present, and carried away in triumph.

MISS CHALLONER.

INAUGURATION OF THE NEW MASONIC LODGE-ROOM IN BOOTH'S BUILDING, NEW YORK CITY, BY THE PRINCE OF ORANGE LODGE, MAY 1, 1869.

SKETCHED BY STANLEY FOX.—[SEE PAGE 327.]

RECONCILIATION.

Oh let not thoughts of sullen hue
  The hearts that were in union part;
But question straight, and answer true,
  And clear them with a sunny heart.

The rain-blue wreaths that arch the dell,
  And sweep the mountain's grassy sides,
Would slay its glory did they dwell
  Forever on the darkened sides;

But sunbeams come, and breezes blow
  The sluggish folds to snowy shapes,
Till leaves and dew-wet flowerets glow
  On all the green and glistening capes.

And so, when friendship scatters pride,
  How gayly heart to heart awakes!
Like two fair sails that fogs divide,
  When suddenly the sunshine breaks.

SPECULATING FOR THE RISE.

A STORY OF WALL STREET IN 1864.

"Most decidedly, my dear, we must alter our style of living. It is impossible with our wealth to continue in this street, for instance, and we must at once set up a carriage with a span of the finest horses that can be had for money."

"Well, and what else, Mary?"

"The girls must immediately establish fashionable and handsome wardrobes."

"You are one of 'the girls' on this occasion, I presume?"

"Don't be absurd. Next we must take a good house. Several servants will be necessary. In fact, there are so many requirements entailed by our new position that I really must have time to think them all over."

"Let me know when you are quite through, and we'll see how much it all comes to. Meanwhile I'm off for 'the street.'"

Thus Mr. Theophilus Botley, a Wall Street speculator for the rise. The Fates had been propitious. By a series of fortunate ventures he had become rich, as many like him did during the violent fluctuations in gold at various recent periods. Accustomed to the barrack life of a great boarding-house, varied by the annual barrack life of a great hotel in some fashionable watering-place, he now found that a mansion among the upper-ten when in town and a suburban mansion when out of it were among the necessary proprieties of his new position. Hence a family council, out of whose deliberations should arise a new era of luxury and fashion. The family of Mr. Botley was not large, consisting only of self and partner, with two junior members, Clifford and Annie. A few words describe the four. Mr. B. was one of those men who seem to carry about great waistcoats before them rather than appear clothed therein, and whose broad, clean-shaved face, accurate tie, and carefully-regulated hair, all speak volumes of the respectable man. Mrs. B. was a little lady with a great soul. Not much faded as yet, her style of dress was the juvenile; having beautiful teeth, she smiled much; handsome locks, she took care of them; a tolerable complexion, she took care of it; and, with the knowledge that her feet were symmetrical, was not averse to people in general being impressed with the fact. But it was her manner that made the impression. That was grand. People were conquered by it, and among those who were so conquered by it most completely was Mr. Botley himself. Clifford was nobody at all—that is, only about seventeen if we consider age only, but a veteran in fast ways if his accounts of himself among companions were to be believed. We shall not trouble him in our story. But the chief of the household was Annie. She was the pet of both parents, and as pretty as she was good. Even her brother owned that she "wasn't a bad sort—for a girl; and that, though he couldn't see it himself, fellows seemed to experience great delight in her society." And so they did. As to her looks, if blue eyes, golden hair, a slender but perfectly well shaped figure, a merry smile, and a musical voice will help the reader to realize her appearance, those items of description are freely offered; but as all male readers have some ideal of beauty, no catalogue of attributes, were it a column long, would convey half so charming a picture as was Annie Botley.

We have spoken of the "fellows" who admired her collectively, but they must stand aside in favor of one in particular. Herbert Foster was an old friend of Annie's, his parents and hers having been intimate acquaintances before their time. In fact, at one time the Fosters and the Botleys had been striving plodders side by side in the journey of life, and, like good comrades, had often helped and cheered each other. But, one after the other, Stephen Foster and his wife fell by the way; and their only child, Herbert, then ten years old, was left to pursue his travels alone, or at least with such companionship as his father and mother's old friends could give him, and a little fortune of ten thousand dollars. But their sympathy was practical, and the little fellow found in them almost a home; for during vacations, till he left school, and all his spare time when he went into a counting-room, was spent in the society of his kind friends and dear Annie. And so matters continued down to the time of our sketch, excepting in one particular. The young couple who had been so much together were so with the entire approval of the girl's father and mother—for a time. The boy became a man; the girl a woman. The little affectionate ways of childhood were replaced by the timid restraint of those who could no longer meet without emotion, nor whose hands clasp without a thrill. Her mother saw all this, of course, and the father too. But still the entire approval was not withheld—for a time. But the time was drawing to a close; for on the morning when Mrs. Botley developed her ideas of the new social duties enjoined by their new riches, she sat a long time after her husband had gone down town, and thought deeply of what social duties were enjoined by them in respect to her daughter's future.

Mrs. Botley was not a cruel woman; never meant to be an unkind one even. She had a sincere affection for her daughter, and scarcely less for Herbert. She had watched their growth with pleasure and pride. The love which she could see springing up between them had stirred her heart with kind emotion. And if, a short time ago, she had been asked whether the young people were to marry, she would—while, perhaps, replying indefinitely—have whispered to herself that of course they would. But now Annie would be rich—a great match; while Herbert was just a clerk, and nothing more, "with only a beggarly ten thousand." And so she sat and pondered, rather sadly it must be owned, upon her duty as the world would see it.

As with Mrs. Botley, so with her lord. Riding down town he rapidly glanced over the daily views of the Wall Street editors, as spread over the money-columns of his favorite dailies, and somehow a new subject obtruded itself among the figures. Herbert's money value and prospects seemed to become an item of the "street's" news, and a poor exhibit they made. Annie stock was away up high above par; Herbert stock was literally nowhere. And when he got out in Park Row a cloud was over his face, which grew darker every step he took toward the far-famed menagerie of the Bulls and Bears. To acquire wealth was good; but what was wealth without position? What was to be Annie's position? To be sure he could establish the young coupie handsomely, which would in one sense be pleasant; but business before pleasure was the highest wisdom. The whole subject must be thought over; and if steps were to be taken inimical to Annie's peace of mind, why they must, and there was an end of it! Still there was no hurry—for a few days, at all events; and so with cleared brow the speculator joined his confrères.

But this particular day was more important than he thought. For some little time the young people had projected a walk among the growing beauties of the Central Park, and, singular as it may seem, had not announced their intention to any one else. By mere chance, too, Mrs. Botley thought the day suitable for a round of gossiping visits to people, during which the delightful subject of her enlarged views of life was to be duly trotted out, so that when Herbert rang the bell Annie was alone and the ramble was soon arranged. The weather was beautiful, and the Park seemed an elysium to the young lovers. We need not follow them about all the time, however, nor set down all their conversation: suffice it to say that, when Herbert left her at the door of her home, she ran up to her room with her face all aglow, and soon melted into tears of happiness; while he marched away with as proud an air as if he were the legatee of an enormously rich uncle, and had just come into his property. For during that golden afternoon the words had been spoken which united the destinies of two young lives. Not that words were needed, for each had known the other's heart long before. But now the vows had been exchanged which never should be broken. They had agreed, however, not to confide their hopes to Annie's parents just yet, for which line of conduct there was not the least reason so far as they were aware.

The evening dinner was ready, and Mr. Botley was ready too. He had been again fortunate in the street. Another heap of money had sprang up between the lovers. They knew nothing of it. To them the after-dinner music and reading were more delightful than ever. They had a delicious secret between them which lent a hidden meaning to their merry talk and looks. And the father and mother almost sighed as they read in each other's graver looks a new disapproval of what before had been a source of pleasure to both.

The question was soon discussed by the worthy couple. That very night Mr. Botley, the young folks having separated, sat with his wife alone in their parlor—he silently smoking, and she silently gazing into the open stove. "Mary," said he, at length, "are you and I thinking of the same thing, I wonder?" "I have no doubt of it," said she. "Then what is to be done? It can not go on like this, of course," he added. "Of course not," she replied, absently. "Then, again I say, what is to be done? I don't want to seem unkind," said he. "No, nor I," she answered. "Well," said he, "now this thing's got to be looked at from a business point of view. Herbert has, or will have, ten thousand dollars. Quite an absurd sum. A mere nothing." "A mere nothing!" she echoed. "Then, once again, Mrs. B., what do you suggest? The fact is, are we to go in for sentiment, and give our girl away—throw her away, Mrs. B.—to a young man without money or prospects, just because we happen to have a liking for him?" "Yes, we have a liking for him," replied Mrs. Botley, with some sadness. "But," added her husband, with some irritation, "is it kindness to Annie? Why, she will be able to marry a millionaire!" "Where is your millionaire?" rejoined Mrs. Botley, with some little irritation on her side this time. "Now, Mary," replied he, with a softened manner, for he was just a little afraid of her bent brows, "let's discuss this calmly. In the first place, I don't think that they care for each other very much. At least there will be no broken hearts, or rubbish of that sort. Then she has not seen much society yet—of the right sort, I mean. Both of you are made to shine, and should not only shed but reflect lustre upon the new circle that you will adorn. When we are newly fixed up we will gather round us a new set. Good gracious! I know of a dozen rich young fellows that will be at Annie's feet in no time. Yes. I see it all. A suitable establishment, Mary. Obstacles placed in the way of young Foster—social obstacles. New admirers for her, and, girls are but girls, his market will be swamped. Now say no more about it. I see the way clear. All you have to do is to make her appreciate our new position, and teach her how to adorn it. *You* want no teaching."

Mrs. Botley smiled at the compliment, and sighed for Herbert and Annie. But the visions of the future shut him out from her thoughts. She even shed a few tears silently upon her pillow for the sacrifice, but tried to think it was her duty, and when she dreamed her dreams were not of him, but of the coming splendors for herself.

Soon after this, less than a month, "young fellows" began to ask each other "had they been invited to Botley's?" "had they seen the Botley girl?" "who was that young fellow who hung round her," and "seemed to be snubbed very often?" and so forth. For the Botleys' house was now a mansion, the Botleys were of the upper-ten, or very nearly so, and their reunions were, although not yet *quite* fashionable, getting on rapidly in that direction. Gold, the magician, had touched Mr. B. with his wand, and he seemed to expand in "vidth and visdom" every day. Mrs. B. no longer asked the prices of things, but ordered them sent home; and Annie, decked out in all the colors of the rainbow, illustrated the ideas of milliners who copy their fashions from the demi-monde of Paris, and who never knew in all their experience how a lady should be dressed. Annie was not more happy amidst these changes. Her simple habits were broken in upon, and the life passed before in something like domestic privacy was disturbed by obtrusive attentions, and the perpetual gayeties that gave time for neither reflection nor rest.

But what filled her with secret uneasiness was the change which gradually came over the position in the house of her lover. This change could scarcely be traced, so imperceptible were its degrees; but it was none the less certain. Herbert felt this and understood it. When, one day, Mr. Botley invited him to dinner, he knew that invitations were for the future necessary. He was now a visitor where always before he had been at home. When he offered to take Annie for a drive, Mrs. Botley was "*so* sorry, but Annie was engaged to a matinée, accompanied by the Devilles—did he not think them charming?" And so throughout. A hedge of forms and ceremonies and occupations was built up between the young couple, over which they might occasionally peep, but which they could not penetrate.

All this excited Annie's dismay at first, and then her indignation. To say the least, there was in it manifest injustice, and, she could not but think, cruelty. She resolved it should not last, certainly not without explanation. The opportunity soon came.

Among Mrs. Botley's new acquisitions was a boudoir, furnished and fitted according to the newest ideas of that sacred retreat. Here she would "receive" a few of her very dearest friends, and exchange the vapid gossip to which such retreats are often dedicated. Among those very dearest was Mrs. Deville, whose spouse—an ex-slopseller—was now a millionaire of the class profanely called shoddy. To her came Mrs. Deville one day, and, Annie being present, the conversation turned upon a ball to be held that evening. "Any body we know to be there?" inquired Mrs. Deville, with a nonchalant air.

"Any body, my dear! You amaze me! Why, *every body* is to be there."

"Isn't it tiresome? But one must countenance these things, I suppose. Does your charming daughter attend?"

"Certainly. And yours?"

"Well, I suppose so. Poor things! they are pestered to death by invitations; but then one doesn't like to refuse. I declare I am almost worn out chaperoning them. You see, my girls are much sought after, as is yours also, my dear Mrs. Botley, and not every good partner at a waltz is quite such as we should prefer for— But you understand me, I am sure."

"Very true," replied Mrs. Botley. "The subject forms one of my chief anxieties." This with a side glance at Annie, who sat with her eyes fastened upon the pages of a book, which never seemed to turn.

"By-the-by! what has become of that young man—I forget his name—who really seemed quite domesticated with you?" said Mrs. Deville, returning the glance. "One never sees him now. I thought you were such great friends."

"Yes, he is under considerable obligations to us. He still comes here sometimes, but of course we are very much engaged always."

Annie's eyes flashed, and she bit her lip; but she did not utter a word until after a little more of Mrs. Deville's conversational display had been exhibited, and she had taken her leave. Then all the pent-up agitation that had shaken her soul found vent in a passion of bitter tears, as she flung herself upon her knees and hid her face upon her mother's lap.

For a moment a spasm of pain passed over that mother's face, but it was for a moment only.

"Annie, get up, child, and tell me the meaning of this."

"Mother, you know already. Oh, how could you—how could you be so cruel?"

"I cruel? Again I say, rise and explain yourself."

"Mother, you have just now been speaking of one," replied she, rising to her feet, and looking her mother steadily in the face, "who I thought you loved as dearly almost as—as—" And her voice faltered.

"As you do. Is that what you would say?" said Mrs. Botley.

"As I do," repeated her daughter.

"I thought as much. Now listen, Annie, and don't interrupt. Your papa and I have higher views for you than a marriage with that penniless young man. I grieve for the necessity for telling you this: I thought you would have seen it for yourself. Stay—not a word! I repeat I am grieved that you so little appreciate our position as to deem it possible that we could for one moment think of such a mere nobody as Herbert Foster ever aspiring to your hand. That you must see for yourself."

"I do *not* see it. What is this position, that I should give up my oldest friend, my—"

"Your lover? Do you mean that?" replied the mother, angrily. Then, as a new light broke over her, she added: "Have you engaged yourself to him, may I take the liberty of asking?"

"Mother," replied the daughter, steadily, "I have promised to be his wife."

"Then," almost screamed the mother, "you have been most wicked—nay, most indelicate! Take my word for it, Miss, you shall never keep your promise—no, never!"

"I shall keep my promise," replied Annie, with now increasing calmness.

"You will—you defy me? Now, Annie, this is too much. I was disposed to be lenient before," said Mrs. Botley, rather untruthfully; "but now that you openly rebel—actually fling your wretched lover in my face—you shall see how it ends. I am never in a passion, but I can be firm, young lady."

"And so can I, mamma." And, with a haughty courtesy to her mother, Annie left the room.

Long and anxious was the curtain conversation between the parents of the rebellious young lady that night. Like most people who are secretly conscious of being in the wrong, they encouraged each other in indignant expressions, condemning the "very extraordinary" conduct of their daughter. The difficulty was how to meet it. Coercive measures were dangerous. The days of locking up princesses in lofty lonely towers had passed; nor was that sort of treatment always effectual. Appeals to reason were not altogether possible, for there was reason on both sides, as they very well knew. Finally, from blaming the girl they fell to scolding each other; and the discussion closed by Mr. Botley pulling his night-cap over his ears with a profane grunt, and Mrs. Botley subsiding into angry silent tears.

But Mr. Botley was a man of action; and when bright Phœbus once more climbed into his window from somewhere behind Long Island Sound a plan was already maturing in his brain. Leaving his wife still slumbering he hurried through his toilet and descended to his study—for he had one now, furnished thoroughly with luxurious literary cabinet-work, *and* a "genteel assortment" of books. Here he sat down, and, as rapidly as if he were telegraphing the price of stocks, wrote a letter—the reader guesses its purport and its destination. Mr. Botley "presented his compliments," "was amazed, nay even surprised; Mr. Foster must see that the thought of a union was impossible—nay there were insuperable obstacles; Mr. Foster must remember the relative positions of himself and the young lady to whom," etc.; and, finally, "as a meeting would at present be painful to all parties, he would see the propriety of absenting himself until," etc. "There," said he, as he sealed the document, "that fixes *his* business, or I'll eat my hat." Nor did he tell a soul what he had done. The note in due time reached its destination, but not alone. The same post brought a second to Herbert Foster. What it was about we shall presently discover.

Next day, and for several days, the three belligerents preserved a sort of armed truce—neither Annie nor her parents approached the subject of their disagreement by word or look. Each, perhaps, had been a little startled, and was willing to wait developments. One of the three, however, exulted secretly. Herbert studiously avoided the house, and once, meeting Mr. Botley in the street, contented himself with a cold bow. "Clearly he has taken my hint, and himself off," chuckled Mr. Botley, adding, however, with extensive magnanimity, "the lad has sense, after all, and knows his place. I'll make it up to him some day." "Strangely enough, Annie makes no complaint of her lover's absence; but that, too, is satisfactory, eminently so," further soliloquized the father, and then dismissed the subject from his mind.

At the time of this story evening society for many New York men was of two kinds. Entertainments at home and entertainments at the Evening Exchange divided their time and attention. Mr. Botley, while encouraging the former, distinctly stipulated that he should not be interfered with in his attendance at the latter. This stipulation was in full force on the night of ——, when his wife gave a ball which was to eclipse all its predecessors. There was great anticipation among the friends of the house. Mrs. Botley was elated. Even Annie smiled, though languidly, as the hour arrived when "awful Beauty puts on all her charms." We shall not describe the entertainment. "It was *splendid*"—that encomium of the guests will do. Mrs. Botley was delighted. Mr. Botley had not appeared, but that was of little consequence; and then Annie had been *so* good, though Herbert *was* absent. When "the guests had departed, the lights were all dead," she parted with her daughter with a warm embrace, saying, "Good-night, Annie, or rather good-morning. You have fulfilled my utmost expectations, and I am much pleased with you." "Good-by, mother," said Annie, rather sadly, as she retired into her chamber.

Mr. Botley was asleep, or seemed so, when his wife joined him, and, utterly fagged out, she soon followed him into the land of dreams. When, late next day, she awoke he was gone. The whole house was a late riser that morning; very likely he had gone to his Club for breakfast.

By degrees the domestic establishment of the Botleys came to itself. From basement to roof

the daily sounds of life renewed themselves. "Mistress's bell!" said one servant, and the activity around increased. Mrs. Botley would rise. Her maid was in requisition. "Go to Miss Annie's room," said the lady to that functionary, "and see if she will be up soon. Give her my love, and ask her how she is."

"Yes, m'm," answered the maid, and departed on her mission.

Soon she came flying back aghast. "Oh, please, m'm, Miss Annie isn't there, and nobody don't know where she is; and she haven't slep' in her bed!"

"Run all over the house and look for her," faintly replied her mistress, turning pale. "I'll dress myself. Can it be?" she faltered, as she hurriedly rushed through her toilet. "Surely Annie would never be so wicked as to—"

"Oh, m'm!" cried the servant, bursting into the room again, "we can't find her nowhere, and cook says the policeman says as he found the front-door open early this morning and pulled it to with the latch."

With an agony of fear the mother rushed to her daughter's chamber. It was true—she had flown! The costly ball-dress lay upon the floor, and a plain suit with appropriate outdoor gear was missing. Hardly waiting to note these facts she hurried down stairs and called a man-servant. "Take the quickest conveyance you can find; go to Mr. Botley's office; find him wherever he is; tell him to come home instantly, instantly—do you hear? Tell him that—no, tell him only that he must return without a moment's delay." The man vanished, and the woman sank upon a chair, feeling as if stunned. She had no one to advise her. Oh, that her husband were back!

Those hours of waiting—how dreary they are even when no calamity is impending; how dreary Mrs. Botley felt them now! Every minute seemed an age. But the messenger did his work well, and returned quickly. "Well," she exclaimed, with great excitement, "is he coming?"

"I am very sorry, Madam, but I fear not."

"Not coming? Man, what do you mean?"

"I traced him from his office to the Gold Room, Madam, and sent a message for him to come out. He said he was too busy. I then sent again and again. I said that he must come, and that you insisted upon it, and then he sent a message out that— But I don't like to repeat it."

"Never mind. Do not spare me. I could not be more wretched than I am."

"Well, Madam, I'm sorry, I'm sure. He couldn't have meant it, but he did say that you and me might go to the devil together, for he himself was half-way there already."

As these cruel words passed the man's lips the distracted wife and mother uttered a loud shriek and fell senseless upon the floor.

That day was a day of double agony in the broker's mansion. When she recovered the mother did all she could to discover the whereabouts of her child without attracting curiosity. Fortunately her domestics were discreet, and aided her in this. But the crowning shock came when, as Botley rushed in suddenly, frightening her by his strange excitement, she told him of their loss, he swore a great oath that both she and himself were fools, and if the daughter had run away with young Foster all the better.

"What do you mean to do?" inquired the terrified mother.

"Nothing at all," said he, savagely.

"What has changed you in this extraordinary manner, Mr. Botley?" asked she, gaining courage.

"Now, wife, I want you to let me alone. You may do as you like, but I am going out directly." And slamming the door to he left almost as suddenly as he had come in. There was no help for it.

The evening sped on. Night came. No Annie. Worse than all, Mr. Botley came home very late, drunk and furious. He upbraided his wife, nay, swore at her with bitter epithets. She had caused him, he yelled, to rush into extravagant follies; he was eaten up by reckless gayeties; her parties and her finery had crippled his resources. And when she begged him to go to bed and recover himself, he thundered in her horrified ears the awful word, ruin, ruin! Let us draw the curtain over that miserable night.

They were weary eyes which met the next morning's light. The day seemed but another beginning of wretchedness. The breakfast-table, with its costly appointments, mocked at those who sat at it. Husband and wife exchanged no words. She feared to ask the meaning of his incoherent exclamations of the night before, and he was moody and abstracted. At length, with a painful effort, he spoke:

"Mary, forgive me, but I was very miserable. I tried to drown my cares last night and only became a madman."

"Not another word, Theophilus. This is no time for recriminations. Only tell me what those cares were. Confide in me. You used to do so once."

"Mary, things have gone wrong. Gold has gone down twenty per cent. in three days, and I have gone down with it. I am on the verge of total ruin. If I can't get hold of ten thousand dollars this very day, and I don't know where to look for it—"

"A telegram for you, ma'am," interrupted a servant, who entered and placed a packet before her mistress.

Mrs. Botley tore it open, and read the message, trembling like a leaf the while. Then she handed it to her husband. "We are married," it said, "and are at the Staten Island Hotel. Do you and papa love us enough to take us back?"

"Hurrah! hurrah!" shouted he. "I see good in this. I'm off right away."

"But," anxiously inquired she, "about the forgiveness—"

"All right," he replied, "I forgive; don't say a word till I am back."

"How long?" asked his wife.

"Five or six hours will do." And he was gone.

An hour afterward a young couple sat with mingled anxiety and happiness on their faces at a hotel in Staten Island. They need no introduction except as in their new relationship of Mr. and Mrs. Foster.

"It seems a long time," said Annie. "There has been plenty of time for an answer."

"Plenty, my dearest," replied Herbert. "Perhaps one or both will come—perhaps never see us again."

As the words left his lips Mr. Botley rushed in. "My children!" he exclaimed, and embraced his daughter. Of course this was according to a little dramatic programme which he had arranged; but no matter.

"Can you forgive us, Sir?" said Herbert, not without trepidation.

"Forgive you, my boy! I do from my heart. Can you forgive me?" said Mr. Botley, cheerily.

"Forgive you, Sir! You have been always kind. What is there to forgive? True, we feared—Annie and I—that we might be separated, and so took the bold step which—"

"No more—no more. Come home at once. And as for that letter, some day I will explain why it was written."

"What letter?" said the young couple both at once.

"Ahem! Well, I should say, *if* you received *a* letter, Herbert—"

"I have received none, Sir, believe me."

"Capital!" said Mr. Botley to himself. "It's of no consequence," said he, aloud. "Come away at once. Your mother is most impatient to see you. I shall send Annie on first, Herbert, and you can come into Wall Street with me for a little while. I have business."

And so it was arranged.

We shall not enter into business details as to Mr. Botley's doings on the rest of that day. Herbert's ten thousand dollars, however, was the chief subject of it. That sum Mr. Botley borrowed on security which was perfectly safe, though realizable from no other source than the new son-in-law. And Mr. Botley's credit was saved.

That night the family circle assembled in full conclave, and mamma, with some tears, told all the story. "I have a motive in being candid," said she. "We have had a taste of splendor, and have narrowly escaped losing all. We are going back to our old style. We shall not be less happy for being safe. Let all my unkindness be forgotten. Riches changed my heart, but only for a time."

"Oh, how happy you make me—make us both!" cried Annie. Then she added, after a pause: "Forgive my curiosity, papa; but you spoke of a letter—"

"A word!" interposed Herbert. "I have found a letter, which I had put into my pocket and forgotten until this evening. Here it is. Am I right, my now father, in putting it unread into the fire?"

"I shall be extremely obliged to you if you will," said Mr. Botley.

And it was done.

THE NEW MASONIC LODGE-ROOM.

The opening of the new Masonic Lodge-Room in Booth's Building, corner of Twenty-third Street and Sixth Avenue, in this city, took place on the evening of May 1. The reception was given by the Prince of Orange Lodge, No. 16, A. F. and A. M. A large number of select guests were present, a good proportion of whom were ladies. This was not a formal dedication of the room, and the proceedings were of a purely social character. Stephen H. Tyng, Jun., delivered a short address of welcome.

The new Lodge-room is the finest and most elegantly furnished of any in the city. The walls and ceiling are beautifully colored, and frescoed in a very chaste and tasteful manner, the latter being ornamented with Masonic designs. The hangings are of rich scarlet cloth, trimmed with velvet of the same color, and the floor is covered with a magnificent carpet. The furniture is remarkably solid in appearance, and at each end of the room is a raised dais for the use of the officers of the lodge. The cornices are massive yet elegant, and the gas fixtures are in good taste and excellent keeping with the rest of the fittings. The room has been fitted up by Mr. Edwin Booth, under the immediate supervision of the architect of the building, John A. Robertson. The room contains a very powerful organ.

The following gentlemen are the officers of the Lodge: W. M., E. E. Thorne; S. W., T. B. Clarkson; J. W., G. E. Slocum; Chaplain, S. H. Tyng, Jun.; S. D., Alfred T. Puffer; J. D., T. R. Davies; Treasurer, George Sanderson; Secretary, A. S. Gardiner; Marshal, G. C. Ames; Tiler, R. England.

INSECTS IN AUSTRALIA.

The approach of summer (at the end of September) is heralded to us by the increase in the insect tribe. Fortunately, the different species do not all appear at the same time, otherwise madness or death would be the result to the poor victims. In the winter a large species of fly comes into existence, a most unsightly animal, but not personally hurtful; then, as summer approaches, these make way for sand-flies, armed with a weapon considerably larger than a needle, capable of producing most intense pain; and wine-flies, who find their way every where and into every thing, eyes, nose, mouth. All sorts of eatables form an attraction too great for them to resist. These in turn die out, and are succeeded by the dreaded mosquito, concerning whose ferocious instincts we need not here dilate. These are accompanied by a perfect plague of the common house-fly, whose unremitting attentions nearly succeed in adding the last straw to the burden and killing you outright. The summer also brings enormous hornets and wasps of a most peculiar form and fearful sting; and last, but not least, ants, who are distressingly active and persevering when there is any thing in the shape of food. Only one wood exists that will defy their teeth, that is mahogany. Of all other woods they take a pleasure in eating out the interior, so that some morning your building falls to the ground, and the ants, quite satisfied with their work, retire to some other part of the premises. The following are some of the varieties with which we are most acquainted:

The sergeant ants, over one inch long, armed with a small sword, filled with some virulent poison. Eight of these have been known to kill a horse. These do not come into your house in large numbers, but sometimes you inadvertently sit on their nests, when they soon make you aware of their vicinity. Second in order are the red ants (fortunately an outdoor ant), armed with a by no means insignificant sting, who persist in making their nests just outside your door, to be in readiness for any thing thrown out: you toss a bone to the dog, it is instantly covered by these insects, and woe to the rash dog who attempts to dispute possession of it with them; he might as well cut off the hydra's heads, for, kill as many as he likes, thousands are ready to take the place of their dead brethren. The next are the black ants, quieter than their brethren; and then appears a most obnoxious little insect, who will persist in getting into every kind of food; nothing is safe from its ravages, and nothing but water will restrain its ardor in pursuit of food. Another variety is the white ant: this gentleman despises human food, and pays his attention to articles of dress, or stuffs of any sort, boots and shoes, his taste ranging from articles of the hardest texture to the softest materials. Then we have solitary ants, and ants with large heads, and several other kinds, who, keeping principally out of doors, have not yet attracted much attention. We might say much concerning centipedes, tarantulas, scorpions, lizards, and snakes, but must reserve ourselves for the present.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Said I to little brother Howard: "There! your toes are out of your stockings again; seems to me they wear out in a hurry." Giving a comical leer he said: "Do you know why stockings wear out first at the toes?" "No." "Because toes *wiggle*, and heels don't!"

The First Odd Fellow—Adam.

Every bird pleases us with its lay—especially the hen.

The boy who was caught looking into the future has been arrested for trying to see the show without pay.

A subecription paper, circulated for some charitable purpose, was presented to a wealthy French manufacturer, who subscribed twenty francs. "Twenty francs!" said the lady who presented the list to him; "why, you ought to be ashamed of yourself. Your son has subscribed fifty francs." "That is all very well," replied the manufacturer; "my son has a rich father, and can afford to give more than I, who shall not inherit any thing."

Upon what object in nature has every author written?—Upon the earth.

DECEIT OF SONG-WRITERS.

The man who wrote "Old Arm Chair" never had an arm-chair in all his life. The best he had was an old split-bottom chair without any back to it.

"I Dreamt I Dwelt in Marble Halls" used to cheat at marbles when a boy, and his dream was a horrid nightmare, brought on by remorse at the recollections of fraudulent *marble hauls*.

The author of "Rain on the Roof" always slept in the basement, except when he slept out of doors.

The man who wrote "Mary had a little Lamb" knew very well it was nothing but a *little lamb fry*.

There is the author of "Old Oaken Bucket," too; there wasn't a bucket on the whole farm, water being drawn with a tin pail and a cistern pole.

The man who wrote "Home, Sweet Home" never had a home.

"If I had but a Thousand a Year" stated privately to his friends that he would be perfectly contented with just half that sum, as he was doing chores just for his board and three months' schooling in the winter.

"What are the Wild Waves Saying?" knew very well they were reproaching him for running away from Long Branch without paying his hotel bill.

The author of "We Meet by Chance" knew very well that it was all arranged beforehand. He had been weeks in contriving it—and she admired his contrivance.

Young Lady. "Oh, I am so glad you like birds; which kind do you admire most?"

Old Squab. "Well, I think the goose, with plenty of stuffing, is about as good as any."

A life insurance agent applied to a Texan to take out a policy. The Texan replied: "A fellow's life is so confoundedly uncertain in this country that it isn't worth insuring."

THE CHARGE OF THE BRIGHT BRIGADE.

Round the room, round the room,
Round the room, onward,
Like a tee-totum
Revolved the one hundred.

Like a tee-totum
Revolved the one hundred,
For all were in order,
And no one had blundered,
"Onward the Bright Brigade!
All around!" *** said;
Spun the one hundred.

Round then the Bright Brigade,
No one the least dismayed—
None—for the ladies knew
They never blundered;
Not theirs to make reply,
Not theirs to seem too shy,
Theirs but fast round to fly,
So round and round the room
Whirled the one hundred.

Mirrors to right of them,
Mirrors to left of them,
Mirrors in front of them,
Flowers unnumbered.
Lovely, in rich array,
With eyes as bright as day,
Partners as gay as they,
Into that fair mêlée
Rushed the one hundred.

Rose all their arms so bare,
Flew all their skirts in air,
Sweeping those sitting there,
Whirling and spinning, while
Lookers-on wondered:
Trod on and pushed along,
Some looking quite forlorn,
Some of their drapery shorn,
Till they had reached their chairs,
Spun the one hundred.

Gas-lights to right of them,
Gas-lights to left of them,
Gas-lights above them,
By glass pendants sundered:
Laughing and blushing so,
At seats all rushing so,
Heated and out of breath.
And from that figure there,
Now all have reached a chair,
All that are really left
Of that one hundred.

When will the next begin?
O that enchanting spin!
How old folks wondered!
How can they labor so,
Is that true pleasure, O,
Lovely one hundred?

Smith and Brown, running opposite ways around a corner, struck each other. "Oh dear, how you make my head ring!" said Smith. "That's a sign it's hollow," said Brown. "But didn't yours ring?" "No." "That's a sign it's cracked," replied his friend.

"Bill Stickers"—Wood Peckers.

A theological student, supposed to be deficient in judgment, was asked by a professor, in the course of class examination:

"Pray, Mr. E——, how would you discover a fool?"

"By the questions he would ask," was the rather stunning reply.

Old Parson M., of Torrigford, was a queer sort of a man. One time, when his congregation had most of them disposed themselves for the afternoon nap, he startled them, as well as their ideas of propriety, by asking, in his loudest tone:

"What's the price of butter?"

At another time, some strangers coming to church with him, the congregation paid more attention to them than they did to him. Losing all patience, he stopped and said:

"Those folks in my pew are cousins from H——, so you needn't stare at them any more!"

ODE TO AN ORGAN-GRINDER.

Eternal Rome! who sat on seven hills,
Big with vast conquest and ambition's lust,
Sent forth her legions, thick as Egypt's ills,
To grind opposing nations to the dust.

And Rome still stands, immortal and sublime,
Nor is there city where ye may not find
Her legions *now*, as in the ancient time,
They still go forth, their mission still to *grind!*

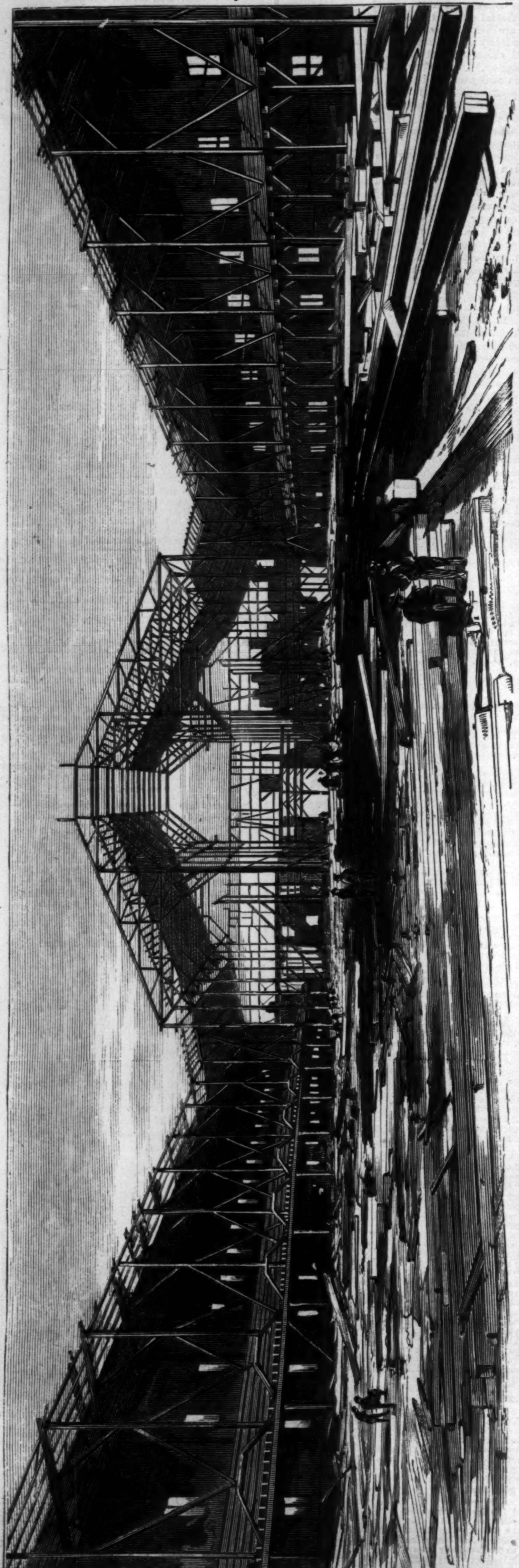
Ought authoresses to dress in *book*-muslin?

ANOTHER WANTON INSULT TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

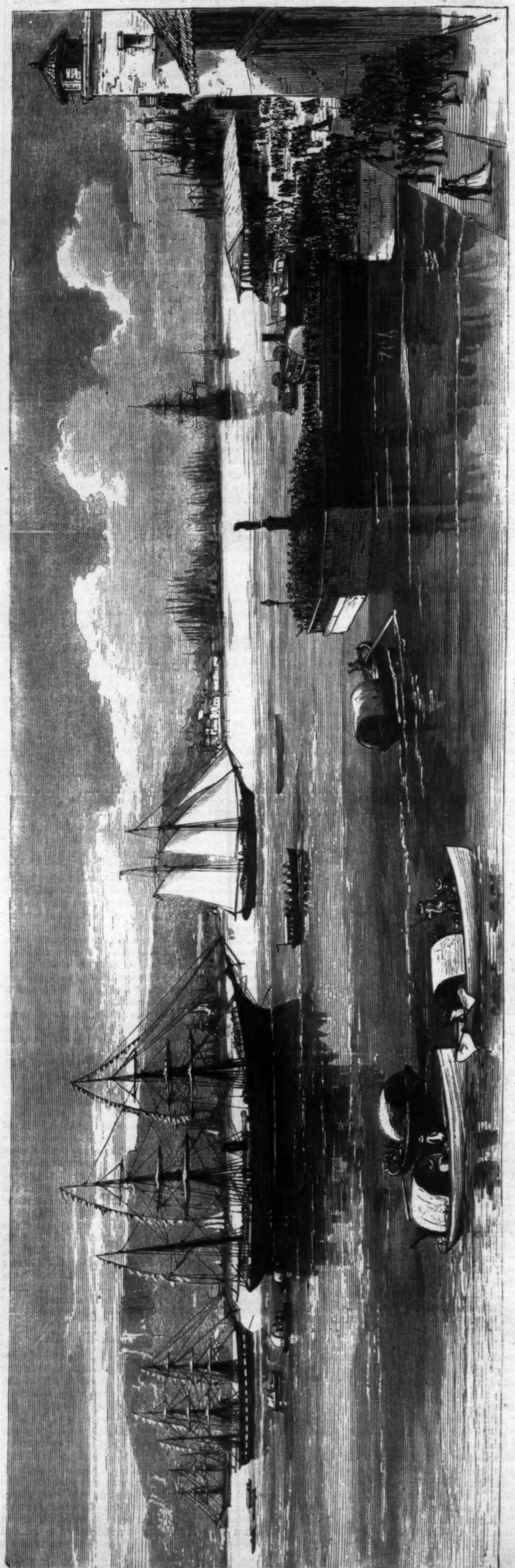
American Customer.—"Say, Boss, is my Face good for a Paper of Tobacco?"

Cuban Dealer.—"Face? Face? Me no understand Face. You have ze Stamps, you take him; no have Stamps, no take him."

[*How long will General Grant submit to this sort of thing?*



THE NATIONAL PEACE JUBILEE BUILDING, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.—Photographed by John A. Whipple, 297 Washington Street, Boston.—[See Page 333.]



HARBOR OF HAVANA—LANDING OF SPANISH REINFORCEMENTS FOR CUBA.—[See Page 329.]

SPANISH BULL-FIGHTS.

THE bull-fight is the national sport of Spain. It is what cricket and races are to the English, lotteries to the Italians, music to the Germans. In every principal city there is an arena for the purpose, and in many of them, on Sundays and saints' days, the fight in the arena takes place after mass in the cathedral.

The circus is packed with spectators, munching oranges and cakes. The performers troop in and make their salutations and retire. When all is ready, the presiding officer waves his handkerchief, and a bull, loosed from a narrow stall, and startled by the sudden sound of trumpets, rushes into the arena. There stands before him perhaps a single athlete. The animal regards him, then throws clouds of dust into the air, lowers his head, and rushes at him. The man stoops, dodges, plunges beneath the bull, and escapes like a flash between his legs. The astonished bull bellows amidst the huzzas of the admiring spectators, and turns to follow his adversary, when he confronts a horseman mounted on a thorough-bred steed and armed with a short lance.

This new tormentor wheels around the poor beast, raps him on the nose, pricks him in the flanks, and worries him into a rage. At last the bowels of the horse are ripped out by the horns of the bull, and he falls. The dextrous caballero narrowly escapes the same fate by the aid of a crowd of footmen, who rush into the arena and distract the bull's attention with their red banners.

Again, a man appears on stilts which raise him half a yard from the ground. They are lashed strongly to his legs, and one misstep would settle his fate; but he runs about the weary and unwieldy animal, dances before him, waves the red flag in his eyes, and finally kills him with a thrust of a sword.

When an unusually vigorous beast seems to be getting the better of his biped fellow-creatures, the assistants bring out a long pole armed with a sickle, and standing at a safe distance, cut his ham-strings; and on his bleeding stumps he fights on until he is fairly and chivalrously killed by a legitimate blow on the head.

Every time a bull is killed the carcass is dragged out by mules, and the arena is freshly sprinkled to conceal the bloody traces of the struggle, while the brilliantly-dressed throng of spectators buzz with applause and impatience. It is as if the ladies and gentlemen of Murray Hill resorted to the precincts of the slaughter-houses to see the blood flow.

The sport begins again. A fresh bull enters the arena and finds a crowd of unhappy negroes in fantastic dresses seated on a row of chairs directly across his path. He plunges at them, and they defend themselves with lances; but they are tossed about in the air with their chairs, creating a scene of infinite amusement to the spectators. When any one is thrown to the ground he rolls himself up like a hedgehog, knowing that though he may get some terrible thrusts, the bull will soon leave a motionless object to pursue the livelier adversaries around him.

Another company of men, eight or ten in number, are trained to rush into the arena and fall upon the bull, and hold him almost immovable, merely by the grasp of their hands, while one of their number, seizing his horns, lifts himself into the air, feet uppermost, upon the animal's head. Sometimes fire-works are fastened to the animal, and he is singed and scorched into the requisite fury.

The illustrations of these scenes which we present are from designs by GUSTAVE DORÉ. A French gentleman who visited Spain with him describes a *female matador*, who was then exciting the enthusiasm of the people at Seville. She was a young woman of twenty-eight or thirty years, a brunette, well-proportioned, robust, and full of energy. Her costume was like that of the dancing-girls of the theatres. She bore a flag and a sword; and after provoking the bull by the waving of her flag and her garments, and wearying him with his fruitless attacks upon her, she assailed him in front and killed him with a thrust of her sword in his forehead; and then gracefully acknowledged the enthusiastic applause of the spectators.

Christian Spain adopted this sport from the Moors, and it will be seen that, after having diligently practiced it for hundreds of years, it has been brought to a high degree of artistic refinement.

What is to be the future of a people who find their national pride and pleasure in such spectacles?

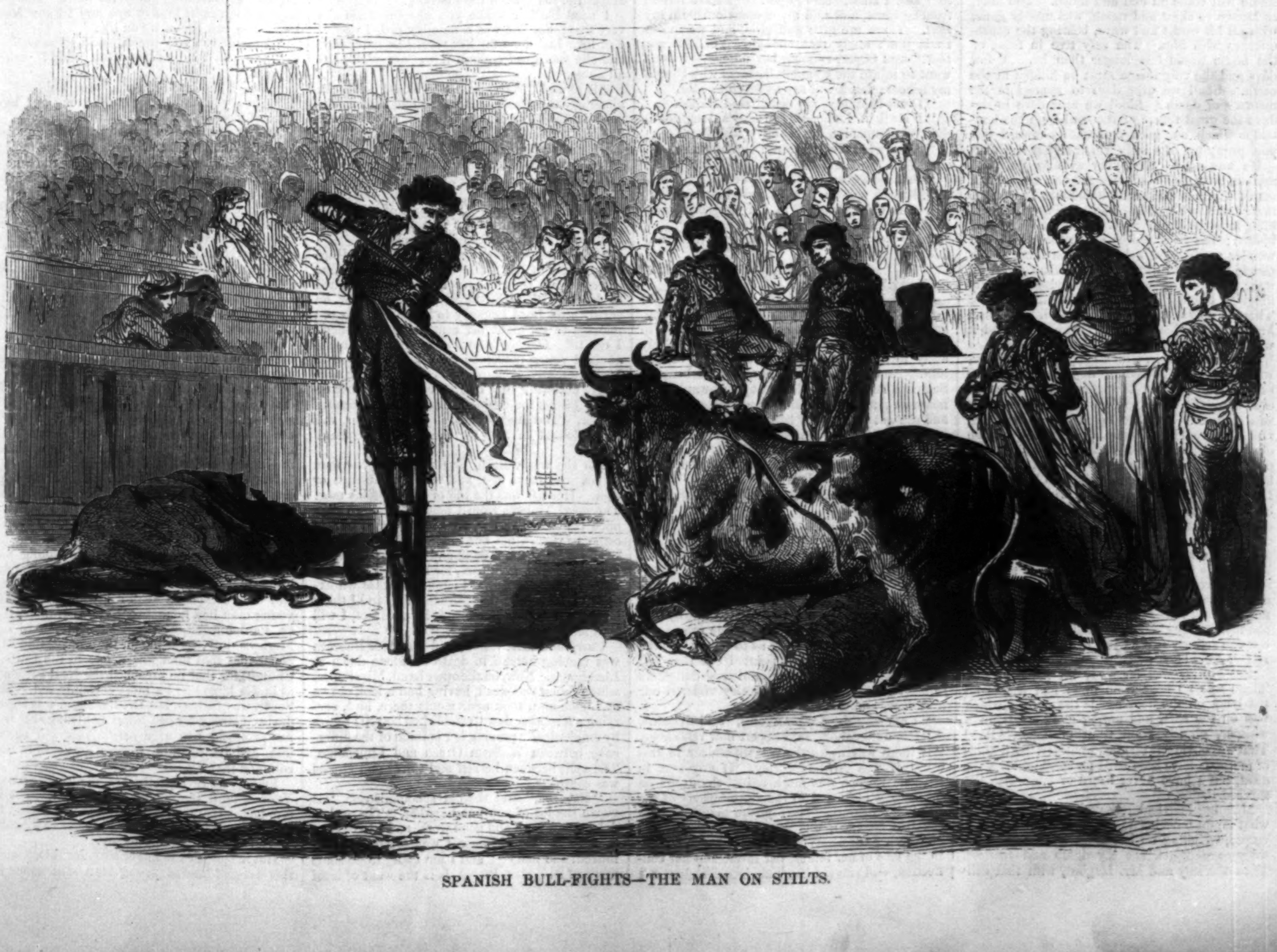
An American republican may hope, but can hardly predict, that their suffrages will soon administer a peaceful liberty.

SPANISH BULL-FIGHTS—SOMERSAULT ON THE BULL'S HORNS.

SPANISH REINFORCEMENTS FOR CUBA.

OUR illustration, on the opposite page, of the landing of Spanish reinforcements for Cuba, gives a splendid view also of the harbor of Havana. This harbor has a narrow entrance for about half a mile, when it opens into a triple-headed bay, containing about nine square miles of surface, with a depth of water varying from one to six fathoms. From the entrance of the harbor up to the city wharves the visitor is struck with the formidable defenses of the city. Besides the walls and citadels, there are six forts guarding the approach; these are El Moro, La Cabana, Numero 4, Atares, Principe, and La Punta. The harbor-front of the city is occupied by a continuous quay about 1000 yards long.

The scene shown in our illustration is one of frequent occurrence, as fresh reinforcements from



SPANISH BULL-FIGHTS—THE MAN ON STILTS.

Spain are continually arriving. But, while the Spanish army is thus being daily augmented, the Cuban patriots are also being stealthily but effectively aided by supplies of men, arms, and ammunition from all our large cities. It is estimated that within a few weeks past as many as 9000 men have in this way been shipped to Cuba from our shores.

THE SANCTUARY.

NOT in the proud cathedral,
  Where splendid thousands throng;
Not in the faint and formal plaint,
  The loud thanksgiving song;
Not in the studied homily,
  The doctrine vague and dim,
There comes that softening grace to me
  That lifts my heart to Him.

I kneel in supplication,
  But the truant thoughts will stray;
The lips repeat the words, as is meet,
  But the heart is far away.
There comes no holy, blessed gush,
  No tender yearning there,
Till the head bends low, and the warm tears rush,
  And the spirit melts in prayer.

But alone, alone with nature—
  On the everlasting hill,
That proudly arose at the world's birth-throes,
  And stands unaltered still.
Down shady lanes where the wild-flowers grow,
  In forest depths untrod,
In still small accents, faint and low,
  I hear the voice of God.

HETTY.

BY HENRY KINGSLEY.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE GREAT HETTY MYSTERY CLEARED UP.

POOR old Turner. He was dead enough. The life, fierce at first in its vitality, nay, some said wild, had come to an almost eventless end. He had died in his chair quite quietly. A nobleman and a dissenting minister were carrying his body to a sofa, and a scared, beautiful daughter, looking on death now for the first time, was holding the candle. That was the end and finish of it all.

"Worth?" Yes. "Silence?" Beyond that of most. "Ambition?" Yes. "Money?" Enough. "Love?" Ay, and hate too. We shall never know *that* story. "Respect in the world?" More than most. "Capabilities of enjoyment?" Very great, but never exercised. "Religion?" That is no matter here, just now, when Ducetoy the Puseyite and Hagbut the Dissenter are carrying him to the sofa. One of his shoes fell off and Rebecca picked it up and tried to put it on.

"It is of no use to do that," said Lord Ducetoy.

No use to put on his shoe. Not one bit. There had come an end and finish. The man, as known to sight and touch, was utterly gone, with all his works and ways, bearing the consequences with him. The very tree in front of the house would last longer than he. A few days and the very image must be hidden in the earth. Shall we ever dare to appreciate the memory of death? Shall we ever dare to deduce the great future of the soul from the contempt which our good God shows toward this poor pretty toy of a body which he has lent us?

He was *dead*. Shut your eyes for only one minute, and think of it. At one time all a man's schemes and plots, honorable and other, must come to an end! The man, as you knew him, must be quickly put out of the way and hidden; the man exists no more. Who can wonder at Religion being the one thing which people are most furious about? That terror of utter annihilation which produced the slightly illogical Phœdo, is the basis of all religions. There is only one tribe in the world, so far as I know, who disbelieve in a future state, and it would be unpolite to name them.

However, Turner, with all his sins and virtues, was, to his scared daughter, no more than a heap of bones and flesh. No wrong which one had ever done the other could be righted *now*. It was all over. She had no means of believing that they would ever meet again. Her religion denied her the shocking and yet beautifully tender superstition of masses for his soul; she had been trained in too sharp a school to believe that Divine mercy could be bought with music and candles. She only thought that her father had done his best, and that God would have mercy on him. In her terror, in her dumb, stunned grief, she would have asked even Hagbut about her father's future; but his people had told her so many cruel things that she feared he might say that her father was in hell, and she also very much feared that she should believe it; and so she merely hung round his body tenderly, without one solitary tear as yet, and moaned to herself, "Alfred! Alfred!"

But Morley was far away on the wild sea. There was no hope from him; and it was no use lying on the floor beside the corpse, which was on the sofa, and saying at intervals, in a whisper, ghostly from want of hope, "Pa!" That was obviously no good whatever. All kinds of methods have been tried for speaking with the dead, but I have never heard of one which has succeeded.

Moaning inarticulately with all the weight of what might have been between her and that poor corpse, weighing on her more and more as the minutes went on, she lay dumb and tearless. Lord Ducetoy and Mr. Hagbut, with that delicacy of manhood, which is nearly as fine as that of womanhood, left her alone, and staid about the house whispering. Carry had been hurried out of the house (being in an interesting condition), not having the least idea that her father was dead. What to do with the moaning tearless Rebecca was becoming a puzzle to Lord Ducetoy. Hagbut was perfectly calm, and only said, "Wait, my lord. She will have faces round her soon which she will know. I was to preach here to-night, and I have ordered some women of my communion, who are come to hear me, to come to her."

Rebecca had nearly moaned herself to sleep on the hard floor, when she felt a kind, gentle arm round her waist, and heard a very gentle voice say, "My love, come with me. Get up."

"I will be very obedient," said Rebecca. "I was wrong to go to Ramsgate. Now that death is here, I know it. Alfred Morley has forgiven me, and pa forgave me too. I will go to Walham Green, and ask forgiveness of all. I am sure even Miss Soper would forgive me now."

"My sweet child, my own bonny girl," said old Soper; "what have *I* to forgive? You have got to forgive an ill-tempered old maid, driven wild by girls. Come away, dear, and scold me. See here is Mrs. Russel; you will come with us, won't you?"

"Pretty sweet-heart," said Mrs. Russel; "come with us. We never hit it off together yet, but we will do so for the future. Becky, my pretty love, come and lie down."

All the well-written, or well-talked sentimentality in the world could never have had the effect which the kindness of these two old women had on Rebecca. The rock was smitten, and the tears came forth.

Soper and Russel behaved gloriously. Soper never yielded an inch in her principles. Rebecca had once done a thing which, if done too often, would entirely ruin the ladies' school business, for which Soper had a sentimental regard, seeing that she had made a modest competence out of it. About the Ramsgate business Soper nailed her colors to the mast; but on all other points she gave way, and turned out the thoroughly good fellow which she really was. Russel and she staid in the house until the end, and as they never got on from one week's end to another without a squabble, they naturally had one here.

Russel said one evening at tea that Rebecca would be all alone now. Mr. Hagbut was not likely to let Carry see much of her, and she would be alone.

"A good job too," said Soper. "I hate Carry."

"She is a well-conducted girl," said Russel.

"Her sister is worth ten of her," said Soper, the experienced. "Don't talk nonsense. If Rebecca was a barrack-master's daughter (you don't know what that means, I suppose?) there would never be a scandal about her."

Russel was so used to getting her old ears boxed by Soper that she submitted as usual, and said, "You know best, my dear, of course. That Morley's daughter, that Hetty, will be home soon, and she will be thrown against Rebecca. I suppose you will be saying next that you approve of *that*."

"Yes, I shall," said Soper. "I have retired from business, and sold my connection. I'll say *that*. There are girls and girls, and we in our trade don't study that enough. Yes, I'll say *that*," said Soper, rubbing her nose. "I don't want to injure the woman's business who bought my school; but I will say as much as *that*."

"Don't be angry, my dear," said Russel.

"I shall, if I choose. Morley's daughter is the best companion for Morley's wife."

"After what she has done?" cried Russel.

"What *has* she done?" asked Soper.

"Outraged every law of respectability," said Mrs. Russel, stoutly. "O Lord! look there."

It was only Rebecca in her dressing-gown, looking certainly very ghostly.

"My dear friends," she said, "is there any thing wrong?"

"Yes," said Russel; "Miss Soper is backing up Hetty."

"And I don't see why I should not," said Soper; "the girl was plagued out of her life, and rebelled. Morley had not any money to give her, and she went honestly and bravely away to get money to keep herself and to help him. And she went as stewardess on board a Scotch steamer; and she went as stewardess on board an American steamer; and she got money; and she got prestige for business habits; and she prospered. She is a noble soul, that is about what she is, and those who decry her are fools."

"Fool is a strong word," said Mrs. Russel. "Come, tell the whole truth."

"About her shipwrecks? About her heroism?"

"You know what I mean," said Russel.

"About the *Lord Clyde*? Yes, I will tell Becky about that. Now, my dear, you shall have the very whole of it. Hetty, long a disgrace to our respectable connection, in consequence of her—a minister's daughter—lowering herself so far as to go to sea as a stewardess. In our connection, my dear, as in some others, we never lower ourselves so far as to marry into the ministry. Mr. Spurgeon pointed out that last week. But we expect our ministers' daughters to keep their rank. Hetty Morley violated our traditions, and did worse."

"I am sure she did no wrong," said Rebecca.

"Oh, didn't she?" said Soper, now venomous. "If there was a Northern sympathizer in this world it was Alfred Morley. If any sect in Catholic Europe was more united than ours on the subject of hatred to the slave-owners of the South it was ours. Hartop, the man to whom she was engaged, was an open favorer of the Northern States. What did Hetty do? Flew in the face of her father, her lover, and her connection, and run the blockade into Charleston."

"Is *that* all she has done?" asked Rebecca.

"Enough, too," said Soper, now very angry indeed. "Disgraced herself by taking service as a stewardess; and then, on sentimental grounds, assisting Jezebels of slavery into that strong-hold of abomination, Charleston."

I believe that it was the late great and good President Lincoln who first said that you could do nothing with a woman when her back was up. You could do nothing with Soper now. Her major premiss was "Humbug," and she never got to her minor, and dropped grammar in her fury.

"That *Lord Clyde*," she said, "was took for blockade running. And Hetty Morley was stewardess aboard of her, in the Clyde. And there comes two ladies, one big with child. And they says mutually about one another: 'My husband's killed,' one on 'em says; 'and hers,' pointing to the one in the family-way, 'he is wounded.' 'Do you know the danger?' says the skipper. 'I am uncommon deep this time, and they have built a gun-boat to catch me: and I doubt I can't take ladies.'"

"Stop your story, Miss Soper," said Mrs. Russel. "It's too much for her."

Rebecca, perfectly white, and a little wild, was staring at Miss Soper. The experienced Soper looked at her one instant and went on.

"It won't hurt you to tell. It will draw your mind from what is up stairs. The skipper said, 'I can't take ladies.' They says, 'But us. Think on us,' they said. 'For the memory of your mother take us.' And the one whose husband was alive said, 'She can't see him again, but I may see my man.' And the skipper said, 'You two will never get through without some other women. I expect to be took this time. And our stewardess is ordered not to go. I won't trust myself with you without her.' And he asked Hetty: and Hetty said 'Willing.' And she went; and all I say is, that God went with her. That is what Hetty did."

"Did the two slave-owning ladies get safe in?" asked Rebecca.

"Yes," said the violent emancipationist Soper, triumphantly; "they did, thank God."

"Thank God, also," said Rebecca. "Tell us the rest of what Hetty did."

"Not much," said Soper, "except behaving like an Englishwoman. The *Lord Clyde* was deep, and touched the ground under a battery, and she was wounded in the face by the splinter of a shell; but she stood to her work plucky until the very last."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

WAITING BY THE TIDE.

THE little tale is nearly told. A little more trouble. A little more heart gnawing, weary waiting, and our bold wild hawk will have been purged from the fault, mainly brought on her by her old unsuitable life, and our once wild peregrine shall be tamed. She shall stoop to the master's wrist directly; no lure needed any longer. No need for jesses, hood, or bell; she shall perch upon his wrist, I promise you, and then she shall spread her pretty wings and fly away across the sea toward the morning.

I tried hard to make you like her from the very first; but she was a naughty girl, I doubt. Yet love had done for her what law never did, and she was good enough now, poor child, left all alone.

All alone! Why, no. She could never be alone any more now. Her soul had been awakened in the light of a new dawn, to which the flaming primrose of Australian morning is but darkness. The sentimental love and admiration for one grayish-headed man, now alone upon the broad weltering sea, a love which, fed on absence, had wrought such a change in her that she found her body transformed into a temple of new hopes and fears, new sympathies and anxieties. She was *living*, so she could never be alone.

She had money now, nearly £4000. Mr. Hagbut, as one of her father's executors, had done better by her than he was absolutely warranted by law: of that she never knew. "How on earth," said Lord Ducetoy to her once, "do you manage to get eight per cent. for your money? I can't." *Hagbut* knew. That frank, Americanized young nobleman consulted her often on business matters relating to his approaching marriage, declaring that he was certain that her father's genius for business must have descended on her. The most he made by it, however, was being loosed of £20 for the Sailors' Orphans' Home.

For she was waiting by the tide for her man at sea who came not, and sent no message or sign. Her life was the life of the sea-folks now. The good Tibbeys from Chelsea had more than once come to see her, and had begged her to come to them; but her answer was always the same: "That life is dead and past. I am waiting by the tide, my dears, for him who is at sea. I will never go westward again into that wilderness. I wait upon the shore for him, and I think he will come back to me. If he does not, I will wait still."

Carry and Mrs. Russel said that poor Rebecca was moping herself to death all alone down at Limehouse. Now, on the other hand, Miss Soper, whose father was dead, having had a look or two at Limehouse, took apartments there, and, carrying her mother down, established herself; thereby emphatically proving her opinion of the difference between Walham Green and Limehouse. The split between herself and Carry and Russel was complete.

"Rebecca," said the old schoolmistress, "is worth the lot of you put together. The girl is doing hard work and good work, and I have been used to hard work since I was fourteen"—(as, indeed, she had)—"and I am going to do some more of it. Mrs. Russel, it is the want of hard work which has spoiled my temper and yours; and it will spoil yours, too, Mrs. Hagbut." The two saw very little of her after this.

I am not Homer, and so I can not describe the fearful battles which went on between Miss Soper and Doctor Barnham, the Papist. The number of times a day which they announced one another's ultimate destruction was something fearful. But they were excellent good friends, and worked together admirably, in the little sharp attack of cholera in that year; partly, I think, from jealousy, to see who could do most.

So it came to pass that Rebecca saw more of her old enemy than ever she had done before. And when she came to compare Soper's life with her own, she felt herself a very worthless person.

The very first and purest pleasure which Rebecca got, when she had settled down, was a certain school for sailors' children, got together and kept together by a fat old woman, Mrs. Frump. She founded it, she taught it (mainly), she managed it, and she paid for it. *She* was *it*. Soper grubbed out the story about it; and it was, that her son had gone away, and had been lost in a "cyphoon," leaving her two infant children to educate. And Mrs. Frump had decided that it was best that the children should have company. And so the school had grown from two sailor's orphans to twenty-eight sailors' children, whose fathers might return, or, on the other hand, might not. And it was by the tide-way, and the little ones could see the ships as they passed close by.

It was one of those temporary schools, kept together by the force of character of a single person; and which, when God thinks fit to say to that person, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord," break up and go to pieces, and are heard of no more.

Yet their good works live after them. I am not foolish enough, of course, to say for an instant that unorganized schools, dependent on mere individuals, should in any way take the place of organized schools; yet I say thus much about such schools as this, which I have known, that they have impressed a certain die of character on the children taught there, and have deserved well of the state. Nay, more: I believe, that on the last great gathering, when one of the founders and keepers of these schools shall come up for judgment, and the Great One shall say, "Who will speak for this man?" hundreds of white hands will be held up out of the crowd, and their owners will say, "Lord, he showed us the way to thy Son."

Well, that is only my opinion about those schools. We are getting too serious, I fear.

Rebecca watched old Frump as a cat watches a mouse. But she was a determined old girl, our Rebecca, and intended to have her wicked will of Frump. She confronted Frump in the street one day, and asked her if she might come and teach in her school.

Frump eyed her over from top to toe, and said, "Why?"

Rebecca was perfectly ready for her. She told Frump the whole of her story from beginning to end; and, in conclusion, said, pitifully, "Please, let me help."

"Humph!" said Frump, "as a general rule I don't like Dissenters round my place. But you have got the right kind of eye, and I know Morley. You can come, if you like."

"I thank you very much," said Rebecca.

"Are you fond of your tea, child?" asked Frump.

"Yes, I like it *very* much," said Rebecca.

"Then you had better come along and have some of it with me," said Frump.

And at tea Rebecca explained to Frump that her father had been a Dissenter and her mother a Papist. Frump was inclined, on the whole, to look on this in the light of a good cross; not like the orthodox thing certainly, but not so very bad. She cautioned Rebecca carefully about the expression of unorthodox opinions on one side or the other. Rebecca promised strict obedience; and they became good friends.

So she got among the pretty, innocent sailors' children, and loved them, and worked diligently among them, not only for their own sweet sakes, but for the sake of her own dear sailor far away upon the wild sea.

Another thing which raised her soul much in these times was this: the ritualisms of the sect to which she clung were not bald and barren to her here, as they were at Walham Green. She craved for light and music in her ritual; and to some extent she got it here. The light was in the upturned eyes of the little congregation, the music was got by the rushing of the wind and the lapping of the tide outside the chapel.

But there was a great attraction in her chapel just now. A young missionary had come home, having lost his wife in some wild attempt to spread Christianity in some dim spot on the Cengr, where the Capuchins and Jesuits had failed 200 years before. A wild young man with a tangled head, blazing black eyes, a bad heart-disease, a precarious income of £58 a year, and what I choose to call a golden faith. This young man had gone through more troubles than St. Paul himself, and had come home to take Morley's duty. Barnham, the Papist, told Miss Soper that that man was a loss to the Catholic Church, for that he preached the Real Presence, as in *his* language he most certainly did. She, Soper, was *furious*, but Dr. Barnham was a great deal too strong for her, Soper not being able from her professions to urge *petitio principii* against him, and leaving him free to argue from their common major.

Frump, however, retired on the lines of Torres Vedras, until the country should be wasted before her. Her lines were, that young Jones, the Dissenting missionary, was a Jesuit in disguise. Which was a safe thing to say.

But in spite of the rather singular things which this tangled-headed young man said about the

necessity of baptism, the inconceivable sin of falling away from grace, and the (practically) ultra-Romish views of the communion, Rebecca loved to hear this young man preach. For there was an earnest fury about every word of his which took her heart, and his words carried with them the scent of the distant sea, the waves of which wandered over his dead wife's coffin.

So, busy and active, yet perfectly peaceful, still she waited for Alfred Morley beside the tide.

MERMAIDS.

Curious evidences of the existence of mermaids are to be found in ancient authors. Pliny says that "the embassadors to Augustine from Gaul declared that sea-women were often seen in their neighborhood." Solinus and Aulus Gellius also speak of their existence. Some stories are, however, past credence. It is related in the "Histoire d'Angleterre" that, in the year 1187, a merman was "fished up" off the coast of Suffolk, and kept for six months. It was like a man, but wanted speech, and at length escaped into the sea! In 1430, in the great tempests which destroyed the dykes in Holland, some women at Edam, in West Friesland, saw a mermaid who had been driven by the waters into the meadows, which were overflowed. "They took it, dressed it in female attire, and taught it to spin!" It was taken to Haarlem, where it lived some years! Then we read of Ceylonese fishermen, in 1560, catching, at one draught, seven mermen and mermaids, which were dissected! In 1531, a mermaid, caught in the Baltic, was sent to Sigismund, King of Poland, with whom she lived three days, and was seen by the whole court!

In Merollo's "Voyage to Congo," in 1682, mermaids are said to be plentiful all along the River Zaire. In the "Aberdeen Almanac" for 1688 it is predicted that "near the place where the famous Dee payeth his tribute to the German Ocean," on the 1st, 13th, and 29th of May, and other specified times, curious observers may "undoubtedly see a pretty company of mar maids," and likewise hear their melodious voices. In another part of Scotland, about the same time, Brand, in his "Description of Orkney and Shetland," tells us that two fishermen drew up with a hook a mermaid, "having face, arm, breast, shoulders, etc., of a woman, and long hair hanging down the neck, but the nether part, from below the waist, hidden in the water." One of the fishermen stabbed her with a knife, and she was seen no more! The evidence went thus: Brand was told by a lady and gentleman, who were told by a baillie to whom the fishing-boat belonged, who was told by the fishers! Valentyn describes a mermaid he saw in 1714, on his voyage from Batavia to Europe, "sitting on the surface of the water," etc. In 1758 a mermaid is said to have been exhibited at the fair of St. Germain, in France. It was about two feet long, and sported about in a vessel of water. It was fed with bread and fish. It was a female, with negro features.

In 1775 appeared a very circumstantial account of a mermaid which was captured in the Grecian Archipelago in the preceding year, and exhibited in London. The account is ludicrously minute, and it ends with: "It is said to have an enchanting voice, which it never exerts except before a storm." This imposture was craftily made up out of the skin of the angle shark. In Mr. Morgan's "Tour to Milford Haven in the year 1795" appears an equally circumstantial account of a mermaid, said to have been seen by one Henry Reynolds, a farmer, of Ren-y-hold, in the parish of Castlemartin, in 1782. It resembled a youth of sixteen or eighteen years of age, with a very white skin: it was bathing. The evidence is very roundabout, so that there were abundant means for converting some peculiar kind of fish into a merman, without imputing intentional dishonesty to any one. "Something akin to this kind of evidence is observable in the account of a mermaid seen in Caithness in 1809, which attracted much attention in England as well as in Scotland, and induced the Philosophical Society of Glasgow to investigate the matter. The editor of a newspaper, who inserted the statement, had been told by a gentleman, who had been shown a letter by Sir John Sinclair, who had obtained it from Mr. Innes, to whom it had been written by Miss Mackay, who had heard the story from the persons (two servant girls and a boy) who had seen the strange animal in the water."

Then we read of a so-called mermaid, shown in the year 1794 at No. 7 Broad Court, Bow Street, Covent Garden, said to have been taken in the North Seas by Captain Foster. It was of the usual description.

Much evidence comes from Scotland. Thus, in the year 1797, a schoolmaster of Thurso affirmed that he had seen a mermaid, apparently in the act of combing her hair with her fingers! Twelve years afterward several persons observed near the same place a like appearance. Dr. Chisholm, in his "Essay on Malignant Fever in the West Indies," in 1801, relates that, in the year 1797, happening to be at Governor Van Battenburg's plantation, in Berbice, "the conversation turned on a singular animal which had been repeatedly seen in Berbice River, and some smaller rivers. This animal is the famous mermaid, hitherto considered as a mere creature of the imagination. It is called by the Indians *méné—mamma*—or mother of the waters. The description given of it by the Governor is as follows: 'The upper portion resembles the human figure, the head smaller in proportion, sometimes bare, but oftener covered with a copious quantity of long black hair. The shoulders are broad, and the breasts large and well formed. The lower portion resembles the tail of a fish, is of great dimensions, the tail forked, and not unlike that of the dolphin, as it is usually represented. The color of the skin is either black or tawny.' The animal is held in veneration by the Indians, who imagine that killing it would be attended with calamitous consequences. It is from this circumstance that none of these animals have been shot, and consequently examined but at a distance. They have been generally observed in a sitting posture in the water, none of the lower extremity being seen until they are disturbed, when, by plunging, the tail agitates the water to a considerable distance round. They have been always seen employed in smoothing their hair, and have thus been frequently taken for Indian women bathing." In 1811 a young man named John M'Isaac, of Corphine, in Kintyre, in Scotland, made oath, on examination at Campbell-town, that he saw, on the 13th of October in the above year, on a rock on the sea-coast, an animal which generally corresponded with the form of the mermaid—the upper half human shape, the other brindled or reddish gray, apparently covered with scales; the extremity of the tail greenish red; head covered with long hair, at times put back on both sides of the head. This statement was attested by the minister of Campbell-town and the Chamberlain of Mull.

In August, 1812, Mr. Toupin, of Exmouth, in a sailing excursion, and when about a mile southeast of Exmouth Bar, heard a sound like that of the Æolian harp; and saw, at about one hundred yards' distance, a creature, which was regarded as a mermaid. The head, from the crown to the chin, formed a long oval, and the face seemed to resemble that of the seal, though with more agreeable features. The presumed hair, the arms, and the hand, with four fingers connected by a membrane, are then described, and the tail with polished scales. The entire height of the animal was from five feet to five and a half feet. In 1819 a creature approached the coast of Ireland. It was about the size of a child ten years of age, with prominent bosom, long dark hair, and dark eyes. It was shot at, when it plunged into the sea with a loud scream.

In reviewing these stories of mermaids it may be remarked that there is always a fish in each tale—either a living fish of a peculiar kind, which a fanciful person thinks to bear some resemblance in the upper part to a human being, or a fish which becomes marvelous in the progress of its description from mouth to mouth. It is commonly thought the seals may often have been mistaken for mermaids. But of all the animals of the whale tribe that which approaches the nearest in form to man is, undoubtedly, the dugong, which, when its head and breast are raised above the water, and its pectoral fins, resembling hands, are visible, might easily be taken by superstitious seamen for a semi-human being, or a mermaid. Of this deception a remarkable instance occurred in 1826. The skeleton of a mermaid, as it was called, was brought to Portsmouth, which had been shot in the vicinity of the Island of Mombass. This was submitted to the members of the Philosophical Society, when it proved to be the skeleton of a dugong. To those who came to the examination with preconceived notions of a fabulous mermaid it presented, as it lay on the lecture-table, a singular appearance. It was about six feet long; the lower portion, with its broad tail-like extremity, suggested the idea of a powerful fish-like termination, while the fore-legs presented to the unskillful eye a resemblance to the bones of a small female arm; the cranium, however, had a brutal form, which could never have borne the lineaments of "the human face divine."

The comb and the toilet-glass have already been incidentally mentioned as accessories in these mermaid stories; and these, with the origin of the creature, Sir George Head thus ingeniously attempts to explain: "The resemblance of the seal, or sea-calf, to the calf consists only in the voice, and the voice of the calf is certainly not dissimilar to that of a man. But the claws of the seal, as well as the hand, are like a lady's back-hair comb; wherefore, altogether, supposing the resplendence of sea-water streaming down its polished neck, on a sunshiny day, the substitute for a looking-glass, we arrive at once at the fabulous history of the marine maiden or mermaid, and the appendages of her toilet."

The progress of zoological science has long since destroyed the belief in the existence of the mermaid. If its upper structure be human, with lungs resembling our own, how could such a creature live and breathe at the bottom of the sea, where it is stated to be? for our most expert divers are unable to stay under water more than half an hour. Suppose it to be of the cetaceous class, it could only remain under the water two or three minutes together without rising to the surface to take breath; and if this were the case with the mermaid, would it not be oftener seen?

After so many exposures of the absurd belief in mermaids it could scarcely be expected that any person could be found in Europe weak enough to report the existence of one of these creatures to an eminent scientific society. Yet, on the 22d of June, 1840, the first Secretary of the Ottoman Embassy at Paris addressed a note to the Academy of Sciences, stating that his father, who was in the Admiralty department at Constantinople, had recently seen a mermaid while crossing the Bosphorus, which communication was received with much laughter.

We have still another recorded instance—and in Scotland. In the year 1857, two fishermen on the Argyleshire coast declared that when on their way to the fishing-station, Lochindale, in a boat, and when about four miles southwest from the village of Port Charlotte, about six o'clock in a June evening, they distinctly saw, at about six yards' distance, an object in the form of a woman, with comely face and fine hair hanging in ringlets over the neck and shoulders. It was above the surface of the water gazing at the fishermen for three or four minutes—and then vanished! Yet this declaration was officially attested!

Sometimes the mermaid has assumed a picturesqueness in fairy tale; and her impersonation has been described by Dryden as "a fine woman with a fish's tail." And, laying aside her scaly train, she has appeared as a lovely woman with sea-green hair; and Crofton Croker relates, in his "Fairy Legends," a marriage between an Irish fisherman and a "merrow," as the mermaid is called in Ireland.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

As multitudes of families in the city have changed their residence within a couple of weeks many housekeepers have been obliged to look around for some convenient place to purchase meats, vegetables, and groceries. The prudent housewife will not decide to patronize a market, especially if it be a small, private one, without making careful investigations, and inquiries also, if she be not well skilled herself in the selections of meats. In the city people are in constant danger of buying unwholesome food. Dealers are too often unscrupulous, and customers are credulous, and the cheapness of an article is often its chief recommendation to people of limited means.

In New York city the regulations for preventing the sale of unwholesome meats are tolerably stringent; yet not enough so to exclude them from numerous market-places. Purchasers must themselves learn to know what is good and what is bad. A recent number of the *British Medical Journal* mentions some characteristics of good meat which may aid those who are selecting for their own tables. Good, wholesome meat has a marbled appearance—beef especially—from the ramifications of little veins of fat among the muscles. It should be firm and elastic to the touch, and should scarcely moisten the fingers—bad meat being wet and flabby. It should have little or no odor—diseased meat has a disagreeable odor. A pale, pink color is a sign of disease; and a deep purple tint indicates that the animal has died with the blood in it, or has suffered from fever. Good meat wastes less in cooking than bad, and after standing a day or two is much dryer on the surface.

A great deal of young veal, technically called "bob-veal," is smuggled into our city markets, and is liable to produce very serious disturbances of digestion. In general, no immature meat is as nutritious as that from a fully developed animal. Veal less than four weeks old should be regarded as unfit for human food, yet a great quantity is sent to market only four or five days old—and in spite of laws and detectives is sold. It is offered at a low price, and the butchers have various artificial methods of making the flesh look attractive. Consequently a great quantity is sold, and is often the direct and immediate cause of disease.

In the case of the people against William H. Mumler, the Judge said that, after careful attention to the case, he had come to the conclusion that the prisoner should be discharged. However he might himself believe that trick and deception had been practiced by the prisoner, yet, as he sat in the capacity of magistrate, he was compelled to decide that he should not be justified in sending the defense to the Grand Jury, as in his opinion the prosecution had failed to prove the case.

An exchange gently hints that chivalric deeds and lady-like courtesy might be greatly promoted if newspapers in different parts of the country would insert some such notices as:

"Yesterday afternoon a gentleman occupying a seat in a State Street horse-car, rose promptly upon the entrance of a lady into the crowded conveyance, and tendered her his place. She at first declined, but at last accepted the seat with a few words of courteous acknowledgment." Or: "This afternoon Mr. A., a well-known dry-goods merchant, who does business at No. —— Street, while crossing Broadway, stepped from the walk into the mud, in order to accommodate the beautiful Miss H., who rewarded him with a smile." Or: "Yesterday afternoon the beautiful Miss C., one of the most admired of our Chicago belles, gave up her seat to a woman with a small child. Miss C. wore, at the time, a garnet silk. Her hair was charmingly arranged *à l'Aureole*, under a Davicq hat."

Courtesy in public places is certainly fearfully on the decline, and any legitimate means for reviving it would be welcomed by the majority.

The proposed international university boat-race between the crews of Harvard and Oxford will take place on the Thames course, England, in the last week of August. The Harvard men show a good deal of enthusiasm in going some three thousand miles to row on strange waters. An English journal remarks in reference to the contest: "The multitude will feel that the Americans have deserved success, even if they fail to attain it; and if they win, no Englishman will grudge them the laurels they have come so far to pluck."

The following incident is related of Rossini: In 1814 he was visited by a delegation from his native city, Pessaro. The citizens had resolved to erect a life-size statue of him at the public place before the City Hall, so that, as the delegation said, the country people, who came to market on Tuesday and Friday, could see their renowned countryman. "And how much will the whole cost?" inquired Rossini. "The City Council has thus far set apart twelve thousand livres," was the answer. "Well, listen to me, dear Sirs; I will make a proposition. Give me half of this sum, and I will oblige myself to stand twice a week at the appointed place, so that my countrymen can enjoy my presence, and look at the 'great man' to their hearts' content."

Reports from England indicate that Mr. Charles Dickens has quite overtasked himself, in spite of his usually robust health. Recently he was prevented from fulfilling an appointment to read in London by sudden illness. Persons who went twenty or thirty miles to hear him were sorely disappointed, but were obliged to content themselves with their money, all tickets being redeemed at the door. Mr. Dickens's physician prescribes entire rest for his patient, but he has still many engagements to fulfill, and every reading is the occasion of a large amount of exhausting effort.

United States soldiers in Alaska seem to be any thing but a credit to our country. The San Francisco *Chronicle* makes some statements, based, it says, on reliable information, showing that many of the American officers have been guilty of shameful conduct. Gambling and drinking to excess are common occurrences; and women have been subjected to outrageous insults. The apology given for various atrocities is that the military gentlemen were "on a spree, and did not know what they were about!"

"Can a spirit be photographed?" still continues to be an exciting question to certain portions of the community. A Bostonian makes public the "fact" that in 1867 he sat for his picture in the rooms of a photographer living in the Connecticut Valley. During the process the artist became strangely agitated, and when the plate was developed a bright but vapory female form appeared standing at the side of the sitter. The photographer declared he did not know how the form got on the plate, he could only say that he saw the woman, that he had occasionally taken similar pictures, but through no agency of his, and that he did not want to have any thing to do with spirits.

Mr. Mumler made a statement in court last week to the effect that when an engraver in Boston, in 1861, he used sometimes to try experiments in a photographic gallery. One Sunday, when entirely alone in the gallery, he attempted to obtain a photograph of himself, and then first discovered while developing it a second form on the plate. Subsequent attempts produced remarkable results. Whereupon he determined to leave his own business, and devote himself to photography.

In 1870 a Workmen's International Exhibition will be held in London. Workmen are invited to exhibit specimens of that particular branch in which they are engaged, either the whole, or a separate part of any work. All articles exhibited are to have the name of the workman attached. Employers may also exhibit for themselves, provided the names of the workmen as well as their own are displayed. The Committee desire to show distinct processes of manufacture, so that different methods may be compared, and that a friendly competition may be incited, and fresh exertions made for improvement in the various branches of industry. The exhibition will be in the great Agricultural Hall, which is capable of holding about thirty thousand persons.

It is said by a recent traveler in Florida, that while the sea-coast of that State is beneficial to persons with pulmonary complaints, inland, and especially on the rivers, it is regarded as unhealthy. He reports that most of the settlers on the St. John's River are very sick of their experiments, and anxious to return. Persons who wish to manage large sugar, cotton, or orange plantations, can doubtless do well in Florida, but not small families, who must work the soil themselves. The people are peaceful, and anxious for Northern emigration.

We see it stated that "Timothy Titcomb" (Dr. J. G. Holland) has been elected Superintendent of the Sunday School of the American Chapel in Paris.

A curious invention has been perfected by the organist of Williams College, Massachusetts, which on being attached to a piano is said to print music as fast as it is played.

It is greatly to the credit of the Jews that their arrangements for taking care of their poor are so thorough that a Jewish beggar is seldom or never seen. Their system of charitable relief is founded on the principle of placing the needy in a situation to earn their own living, if they are physically able to do so. Otherwise they are pensioned, put into a hospital, or furnished with such regular relief as may be necessary. A new Hebrew hospital is soon to be erected on Lexington Avenue, between Sixty-sixth and Sixty-seventh streets. It is rather remarkable that the Mount Sinai Hospital, which has been organized seventeen years, is open to persons of all creeds, and without distinction of color.

We see it stated that a lady of Des Moines, Iowa, is going to learn the tinners' trade: and that a young lady at the Portfield Mill, near Tidioute, Pennsylvania, has for the last two months packed eight thousand shingles each day—Sunday excepted, probably—and that she promises hereafter to pack ten thousand a day!

A new way to overcome an old difficulty was resorted to by a young lady whose betrothed was persuaded by his friends not to marry her because she was penniless. She sued him for breach of promise, and obtained $25,000 damages. He then confessed his sin against her, and pleaded with her to marry him, since his friends' objections were removed by the received $25,000, now her own. She took him, or rather he took her—money!

The Princess Mathilde, Napoleon's queenly-looking cousin, whom he once wished to make his wife, has in her boudoir an old riding-whip which she once wrested from the hands of the brutal Russian, Prince Demidoff, her husband, after he had struck her with it in the face. On that occasion the resolute young lady is said to have turned the tables on the Russian, and, after taking the riding-whip from him, marked his face with it.

Somebody's fortune has run through a paper-mill! Not long ago a workman in a paper manufactory in Dayton, Ohio, caught sight of some bits of greenish-looking paper, which had been clipped in pieces by the picker. They proved to be scraps of greenbacks. The man picked up a hatful and distributed them to his friends. The denominations were large, and it was estimated that no less than $3000 were "ground up."

The verdict of the jurors impanneled to investigate the causes of the recent railroad slaughter on the Long Island Road was to the effect that the Long Island Railroad Company are responsible for the accident, by neglecting their duty in keeping their tracks in proper order.

Among the numerous culinary couplets floating through the public press, some few are really worth thinking about. For example:

> Broil lightly your beef-steak—to fry it
> Argues contempt of Christian diet.
>
> To roast spring chickens is to spoil 'em—
> Just split 'em down the back and broil 'em.
>
> Egg sauce—few make it right, alas!—
> Is good with bluefish or with bass.
>
> Nice oyster sauce gives zest to cod—
> A fish, when fresh, to feast a god.
>
> In dressing salad, mind this law—
> With two hard yolks use one that's raw.

Not very long ago, in the drawing-room of a suburban hotel, sat a stately lady of New York, listening to some music and regaling herself with lozenges. Young Jones was stopping at the house—a very little man who had a pretty good opinion of himself—and he had marked the distinguished-looking lady as his particular protégée, but she had genteelly repelled him. He came into the room as she sat there and approached her. As he did so, one of her lozenges dropped and rolled along the carpet. Jones saw it, and, after a brief race, captured it. He brought it to the lady and handed it to her. She didn't look at him, but with a patronizing gesture of her hand waived him off with, "Keep it, dear, keep it!" He did not feel much larger than ordinary men for some time after that.

THE FLOATING LIGHT-HOUSE.

The Floating Light-house, of which we give an illustration on this page, was erected at the entrance of the port of Liverpool, over some rocks, where, owing to the action of the currents, it was found impossible to erect a light-house like those ordinarily in use. The bulb below water is anchored, as is shown in the cut; the extent of the circular plate near the surface of the water securing the stability of the entire structure. The construction of the edifice, both as regards material and shape, is suited to the novel purpose to be attained. Much of romance has been associated with light-house keepers; but surely no situation could possibly be more romantic than that of the old fellow shown in our picture, looking out through his spy-glass upon the desert waste of waters from his floating but steadfast habitation.

TOMB OF NAPOLEON I. AT ST. HELENA.

In a late Number of our paper (for May 1, 1869) we gave a very striking illustration of the island of St. Helena, the scene of Napoleon I.'s exile. We give this week two additional views; one representing Napoleon's residence at Longwood, and the other his tomb. If our readers will look back to the article accompanying our previous illustration, they will find a detailed description of Longwood and also of Napoleon's tomb.

RAILROAD DISASTER IN MAINE.

We illustrate on page 333 the recent disaster which happened on the Portland and Oxford Central Railroad, on the bridge at Buckfield, Maine, early in the evening of April 29, involving considerable loss of property, but fortunately no loss of life or serious personal injury.

The engine of the down train from Hartford to Buckfield had just run on to the first span of the bridge at Buckfield village, which crosses the mill-pond just above the dam, when the whole span—about sixty feet in length—gave way, dropping the engine, tender, and first car, loaded with wood, ten or twelve feet into the water below. The conductor, Mr. Ed. S. Burroughs; the engineer, Mr. O. P. Tucker; and a young Mr. L. Goutier, who happened to be supplying the place of the regular fireman, were in the cab of the engine, and found themselves dropped, without a moment's warning, under water dense with smoke, steam, and ashes.

Mr. Burroughs says that he was at first conscious that he was under water in the cab, and that the foot of another person was on his neck. He then made a tremendous effort, disentangled himself from the other man, crawled through the cab-window, and got his head above water. He came out on the lower side next to the dam, over which the water was pouring with tremendous force, being very high at the time. At first he thought to cling to the dam, but the power of the water quickly carried him over, followed by fragments of broken timber and sticks of cord-wood. He fell with the water several feet down among the rocks, and was carried down the stream several rods, till a Mr. Bessee reached him a pole by wading out, and drew him ashore completely prostrated with knocking about in the water, and somewhat bruised, though not so much so but that he came down with his train the next day as usual.

The fireman and engineer crawled out of the cab on the upper side, and clambered up over the wreck to *terra firma*, not much hurt.

The excitement was very great in the village, and soon the scene of the wreck was lined with people.

Fortunately no other persons were on the train at the time of the accident.

No blame whatever can be laid to the conductor or engineer, as the engine was driven on to the bridge with the greatest caution. The bridge was thought to be entirely safe, having been overhauled this spring and put in good repair. It was built upon stone piers on the X-work plan, and considered sufficiently strong.

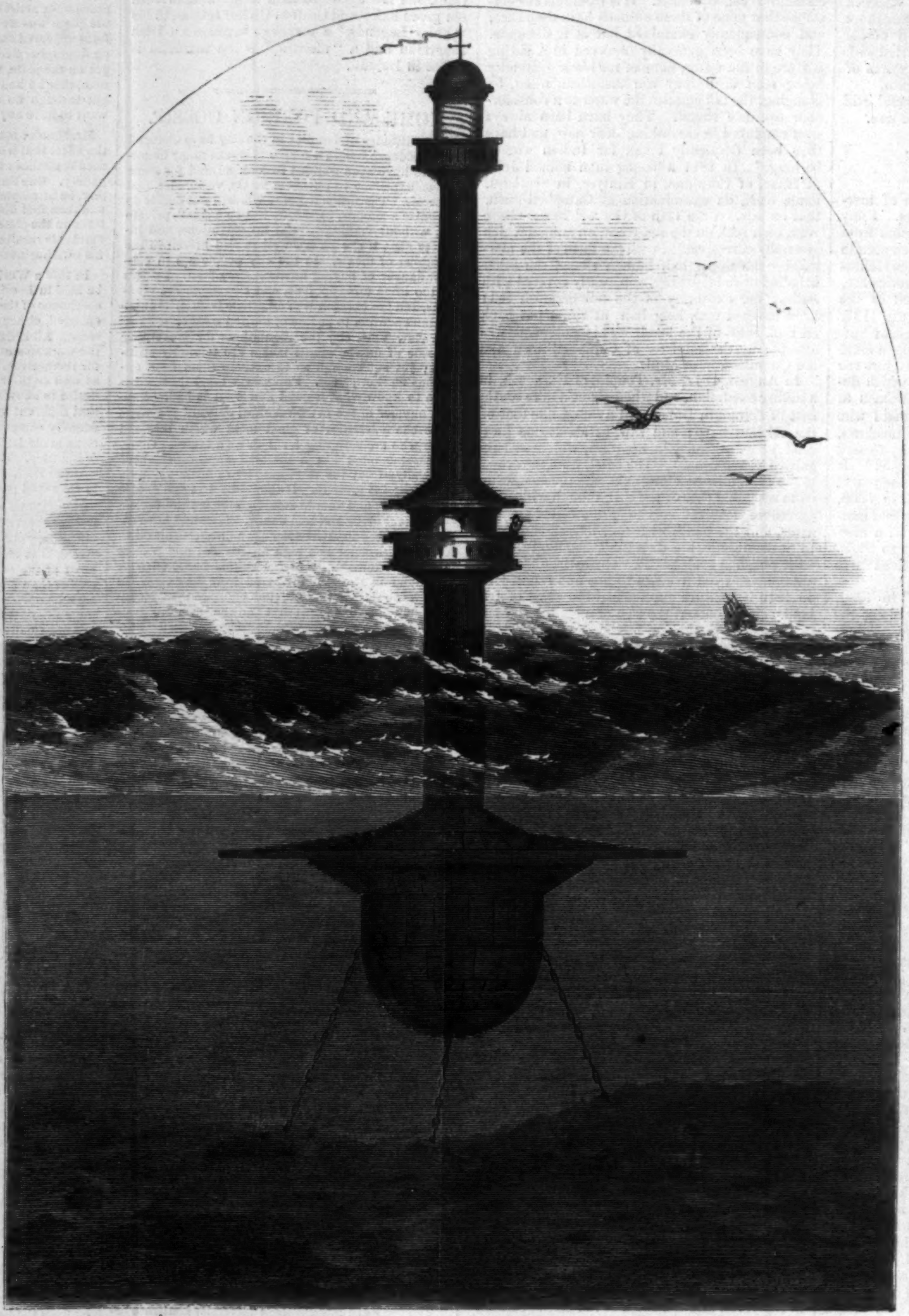
SERIOUS CASUALTY AT SYRACUSE, NEW YORK.

In connection with the railroad disaster at Buckfield, Maine, we give also, on the same page, an illustration of a somewhat similar casualty that happened at Syracuse, New York, on the evening of April 30.

The steam fire-engine "Central City, No. 1," was being drawn to a fire in the Third Ward. The engine had landed on Salina Street bridge, over the Erie Canal; and as it passed the first needle-beam, 8 feet from the abutment, the flooring gave way, letting the steamer down to the bed of the canal, a distance of 20 feet. The horses were on the next section, but as the heavy rear end of the machine went down, the horses were drawn with it, reversing their direction, and both striking their heads against the stone abutment had their necks broken, killing them almost instantly.

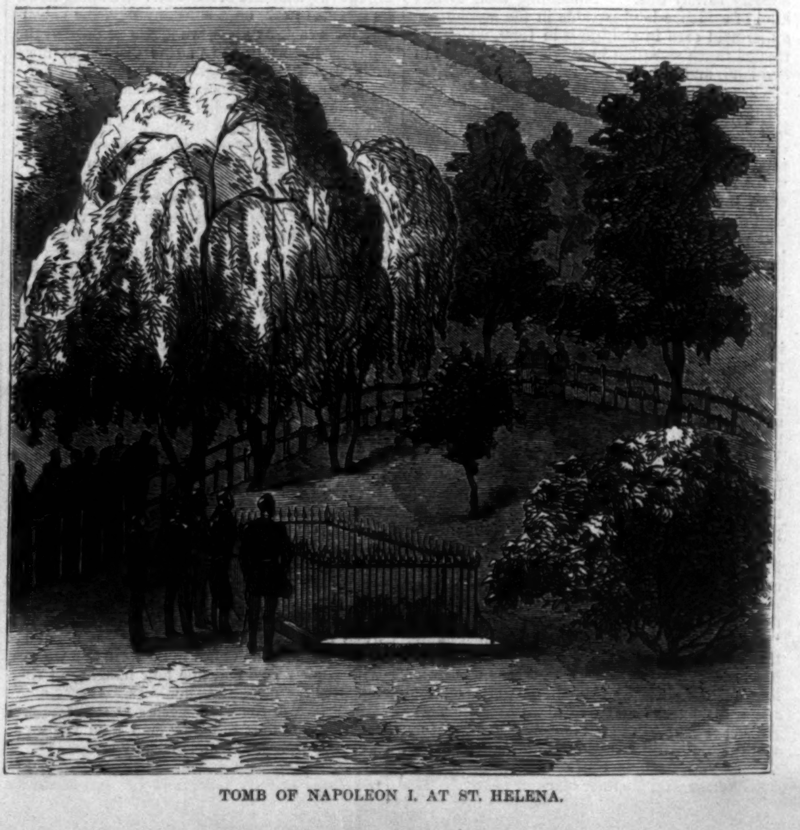
Thomas Abeler, the driver, as he went down, was thrown from the seat, and landed several feet from the engine, but fortunately escaped without broken bones, though receiving serious injury to his left leg.

Edward Hudson, engineer, was riding on the rear of the steamer as

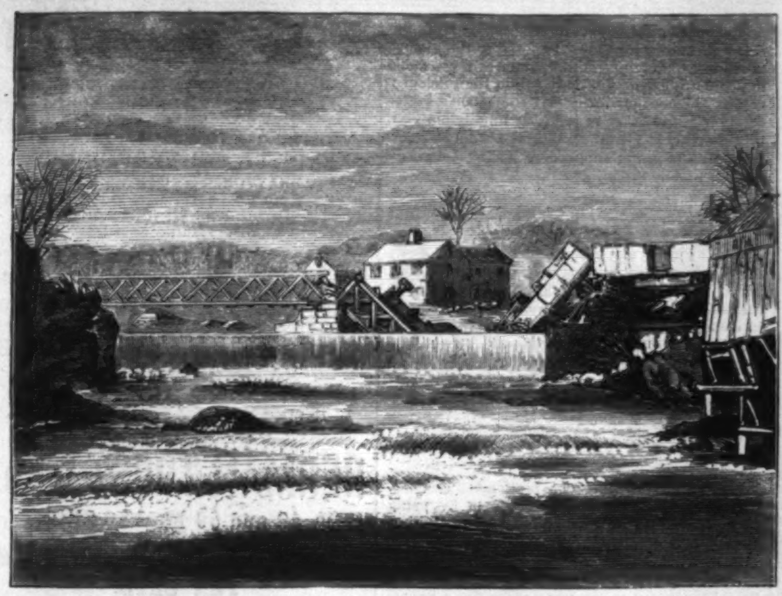


THE FLOATING LIGHT-HOUSE.

LONGWOOD, ST. HELENA, RESIDENCE OF NAPOLEON I. DURING HIS EXILE.



TOMB OF NAPOLEON I. AT ST. HELENA.



RAILROAD DISASTER AT BUCKFIELD, MAINE, April 27, 1869.—[Phot. by M. S. Hawks.]

SERIOUS CASUALTY AT SYRACUSE, N. Y., April 30, 1869.—[Sketched by H. W. Hubbard.]

usual, and when it began to go he sprang to save himself, catching hold of the iron rods of the upper frame-work, and succeeded in scrambling up. But in doing so struck his stomach and abdomen forcibly against the jutting timbers, producing a very serious breach.

George Hendricks, a brakeman on the railroad, somehow had taken the near horse by the bit in going up the incline, and was still holding on when the fall occurred, and he was jerked down with the rest. He landed some distance from the wreck, but had his left arm broken just above the wrist.

Several persons were on the ends of the bridge at the time, and very soon a number were in the bed of the canal (there being no water in), to ascertain the situation and aid the unfortunate. Lanterns were obtained, and Abeler and Hendricks taken out, and their injuries attended to. The engine lies in the canal bed, a complete wreck. It weighed about four tons, and cost the city $5000.

The bridge has been in an unsafe condition a long time. A year ago the north end of it gave way when a safe was being drawn over it. That part of it was then repaired, but the balance of it left without overhauling. The needle-beam that gave way now was rotten half-way through.

These two accidents, both occurring in the same week, clearly urge the importance of strong bridges, and also the necessity of strict attention to their condition and of prompt repairs.

THE NEW "CHICAGO TRIBUNE" BUILDING.

Newspaper buildings are becoming a distinctive feature in the architecture of the country. The illustration presented herewith represents the new building of the Chicago *Tribune* as it appeared on the night of Tuesday, May 10, when illuminated in honor of the completion of the Pacific Railway. The location of this edifice is at the southeast corner of Dearborn and Madison streets. Its area on the ground is 72 by 121 feet, and its height 70 feet. It is constructed of Athens (Illinois) marble, and is fire-proof in every part. The ceilings, stairways, and cornice are of iron, and the partition walls of brick. The floors are laid in cement, and the entire building is heated with Baker, Smith, & Co.'s hot-water apparatus. The ventilation of the building was planned by Professor Leeds, and is believed to answer all the requirements of modern hygienic science. The wood-work is butternut and black walnut, finely polished. The counting-room, which occupies the ground-floor corner, is not excelled in beauty or convenience by any office in the country. The editorial rooms (nine in number) are on the fourth floor. The press-room contains two of Hoe's eight-cylinder printing-machines. The composing-room is 60 feet long, 50 feet wide, and 25 feet high, lighted on two sides and also at the top. Besides the room occupied by the *Tribune* Company for their own purposes there are between thirty and forty stores, offices, and basements rented to outsiders. The time occupied in the construction of the building was one year. Its cost, exclusive of machinery, was $200,000. Altogether it is one of the most complete and durable printing establishments in the world.

THE NATIONAL PEACE JUBILEE BUILDING, BOSTON.

Our illustration of this building on page 328 shows its present condition. The musical festival for which it is being constructed will be held in Boston next June, beginning on the 15th, and lasting during five days. The Coliseum, as this building is called, has been roofed, and the labor of finishing and decorating the interior has been commenced. Over twenty-seven thousand dollars have been subscribed in advance for tickets of admission. Arrangements have been made for the comfortable shelter of the thousands of strangers who are expected to visit Boston during the Jubilee week.

Messrs. E. & G. G. Hook, organ builders, of Boston, have contracted to furnish a large and powerful organ for the Coliseum, to be used at the National Peace Jubilee. It is intended that the instrument shall be one of such strength and power as shall sustain the vast chorus and orchestra, and fill the building with sound. The great chorus, the largest the world has ever seen, is now full, and the orchestral ranks are rapidly filling up. The superintendent of the chorus, Mr. E. Tourjee, has found it necessary to issue a circular stating that no more choral organizations can be accepted, and that societies already accepted must make no more additions to their numbers. Oliver Wendell Holmes, it is said, is to write a hymn to be sung by the grand chorus.

PACIFIC RAILWAY CELEBRATION AT CHICAGO—ILLUMINATION OF THE NEW "CHICAGO TRIBUNE" BUILDING, May 10, 1869.

THE ESCAPE OF A NUN.

SOME people may be under the impression that nuns are free to leave their convents if they choose. Let the following fact speak for itself: Early one morning in December, the little postern gate of the convent was slowly and cautiously opened, and a lady, closely muffled in a long cloak and thick veil, issued from it. It was too dark for her to see to any distance, but after an anxious, searching glance on every side, she hastened along a narrow lane that wound past the convent wall into the village, and made her way to the place where a post car was just about starting for a town some thirty miles off. In a very excited manner she made arrangements for taking her seat upon it; and the members of the little crowd which had collected to see the car start, indulged in many surmises as to who she might be—the darkness and her close wrappings preventing their distinguishing her features. At last, to her evident relief, the car began to move, and was soon out of sight of the group who watched it. About two hours afterward, however, a rumor ran through the village that a nun had escaped from the convent, and in answer to the impatient inquiries of those seeking her, it was speedily discovered that a strange lady had left the place on the post car. As soon as this fact was established, two young priests mounted their horses, and set off in hot pursuit. The road was very hilly, and as they spurred their horses swiftly up one hill and down another, they strained their eyes to catch a view of the post car on which the poor fugitive was escaping from her prison-house, but they looked in vain. The car had got a good two hours' start of them; and when they arrived at its destination, they found to their chagrin that the freed captive had taken another conveyance, and was already far on her way to a small town some twenty miles farther from the convent. As soon as they could procure fresh horses (for those they had ridden were staggering from fatigue) the two priests again set forward, eager in the chase; but the short December day closed in around them, and still no traces of the runaway could be found. Late in the evening they reached the town to which she had gone, and on inquiry found that she had certainly stopped there, for the car on which she had traveled was safe in the inn yard, and she had not taken any other conveyance. She was not, however, in the inn; nor had she applied for a room in any of the lodging-houses in the neighborhood. It was too late to prosecute the search that night; so, baffled for the moment, the priests sat down to their suppers in a very bad humor, discussing many plans of operation for the coming day, and recording vows of punishments to come for the offender when she should be once more in safe keeping.

Early the next morning a thorough investigation of the town, which was quite under priestly control, was commenced. Not a house, from garret to cellar, was left unsearched, but without avail. The fugitive had evidently managed to get away. But how? That was the question. At last an old woman was found who said she had seen a lady stealing along in the shadow of the houses late the night before, and that she had taken her way toward the open country. It was plain that the hunted creature had sought to throw her pursuers off the scent by proceeding on foot and alone through the wild passes of the mountains. Men with a spark of manliness—human beings with even the smallest touch of humanity in their hearts—Christians with but the faintest glow of Christianity within them—would have felt an overwhelming pity for the poor, frail woman with such a courageous spirit; who having been, without a crime, held in a bondage worse than that of the Israelites, was flying from the scene of her imprisonment—from grated windows and barred doors—through the darkness and wildness of a December night, alone and unprotected, along rugged roads and mountain glens. But no such emotion of pity was felt by those who dogged her terrified footsteps. No; like blood-hounds thirsting for their prey, they hastened upon her track with a savage kind of ferocious joy that boded ill for the poor victim should she fall into their hands. For several days the priestly detectives searched among the retired glens of the highest mountains, climbed every rock, and pressed into every crevice that could afford shelter to even the smallest animal, but still the pursuit was unrewarded. Day by day, as disappointment succeeded disappointment, the rage of the pursuers became fiercer, and their thirst to secure the fugitive more strong and burning. Every place that could promise a refuge had already been examined, and as they passed along, weary and infuriated at their want of success, the stones on the mountain sides rolled from beneath their feet into the rocky hollows with a mocking sound, and the bare, bleak tops of the mountains seemed to look down on them in scorn; but suddenly turning an acute angle on the crest of one of the range, a narrow gorge came into view, and in its most remote depths a miserable hovel appeared. A sudden inspiration told the priests that at last their quarry had been struck, and stealing like crafty reptiles on their prey, they approached the cottage from different sides. There was but one opening—the door; and when they came within reach of it, they sprang together through it into the only room the wretched abode contained; and there, on a truss of straw, in a state of utter exhaustion, lay the poor hunted creature whose doublings and windings had left her at last, worn out mind and body, completely at the mercy of those who had so relentlessly hunted her down.

Without a moment's delay the wretched woman was seized upon, and conveyed by the priests, as best they could, to the nearest town. She was now completely helpless in their hands—all her energy gone, and all her powers of mind and body prostrated utterly, so that without any difficulty she was placed in a post-chaise, and taken, not to the convent from which she had escaped, but to another, famed for the strictness of its discipline, and there she still remains, if death has not set her free. Who shall say what agonies of mind and body have been inflicted upon her? No human tongue will tell, nor pen will write, what her tortures have been, for the high walls and barred gates of the prison-house keep those secrets well; but the all-seeing eye of the great Being has seen it all, and His ear has heard the utterances of her despair. "Vengeance is mine; I will repay," saith the Lord. But God will not hold those guiltless who, having the power to prevent such cruel atrocities, permit them to go on unchecked, and who even uphold a Church whose tyranny has been the nightmare of ages.

CELEBRATED ROADS.

THAT over the Simplon was projected by Napoleon, and made at the joint expense of France and Italy. It was completed in 1805—being thirty-six miles long, about twenty-five feet broad, and passes over two hundred and sixty-four bridges, through six short tunnels of solid rock—one, however, being thirteen hundred feet in length, by twelve in width. It was the most stupendous enterprise ever undertaken by man.

Another road, marvelous in all respects, passes over Mount St. Bernard, lying between Switzerland and Italy. It passes between two of the highest points of the mountain—the road at that point being eight thousand feet above the level of the sea. The route is very circuitous, and passes a celebrated monastery, distinguished for the humanity of the monks and the sagacity and monstrous size of a breed of dogs kept there for the assistance of travelers. Napoleon crossed there with an army in 1800.

Over Mount St. Gothard is another wonderful road, only twelve feet wide, paved with granite. The Devil's Bridge, on this road, spans with a single arch (having peaks of rocks for abutments) an awful abyss, which must have exercised the highest order of engineering genius to have spanned. All three are among the wonders of the world.

Ancient Rome at one epoch in her history had twenty-nine costly military roads—many of them bordered on either side by splendid temples and palatial residences. Every twelve miles buildings were erected where relays of horses were always in readiness for couriers, and also carriages and beasts of burden for the conveyance of baggage and goods. At intervals of thirty miles there were edifices for lodging soldiers. Such was the admirable finish of those roads, running generally directly from one city to another, that they have actually endured for over two thousand years in some places, and excite admiration still on account of their excellent construction.

The Hoosic Tunnel in Western Massachusetts, when completed, will far excel any road in ancient or modern times. It is destined to be a wonder of wonders.

THE MOON'S INFLUENCE.

WHATEVER be the influence exercised upon the earth by the varying positions of the planets, it is unquestionable that a very important effect is produced upon our orb by the changes in the position of our satellite the moon. That tiny orb, a mere speck compared with the larger planets, nevertheless by its nearness exerts an influence upon earth far greater than that produced by all the planets collectively. In old times it was never doubted that the moon greatly affected the superficial condition of our planet—not only as regards the weather, but also by more subtle forms of action. The words "lunatic" and "moon-struck" still exist to show this old belief—indicating the real or supposed effect of the moon's action upon the cerebral or nervous organs of man. And in many of the old, indeed still prevalent, weather-proverbs, the belief in the influence of the moon upon the atmospheric condition of our planet is abundantly shown. In recent times, Science has strongly combated this old belief; and some years ago it was authoritatively declared, as the verdict of Science, that the moon had no effect upon the weather at all. Now, even judging *à priori*, yet upon purely scientific grounds, this verdict of the *savans* might have safely been pronounced a mistake. Since the moon powerfully affects the ocean, the vast expanse of water which covers the larger part of earth's surface, producing the striking phenomenon of the tides—can it be doubted that lunar action does not equally, nay to a much greater extent, affect the still more mobile ocean of air (the atmosphere) which covers the whole surface of our planet? And if the moon produces tides and currents in the atmosphere, must it not to an important degree affect the weather, which is so largely dependent upon the currents, movements, and disturbances in the atmosphere?

In truth, although the recent dictum of Science ignoring the old belief, and denying that the moon has any influence upon the weather, has not yet been formally revoked, it is easy to see that *savans* begin to falter in their doctrine. And well they may. A whole host of facts are arrayed against them. Professor Palmieri, who has so closely studied the varying phenomena of Vesuvius, declares that there is a perceptible relation between the phases of the moon and the developments of volcanic action. Any one, too, who has lived in the south, or even sailed on the Mediterranean, may have noticed how carefully sleepers in the open air guard their head and face against the rays of the moon; he may even have seen instances of the injurious consequences (in the form of ophthalmia and other ills) which attend the neglect of such precautions. In India it is well known that meat exposed to the moon-rays immediately putrefies. Some of these facts indicate a lunar action more subtle than Science can as yet account for. But the moon's influence on the weather is perfectly intelligible—on this ground, if no other, that it produces tides and currents in the atmosphere just as it does in the less mobile ocean.

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